

NEW



EVERY MORNING



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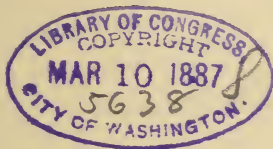
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"NEW EVERY MORNING"

A YEAR BOOK FOR GIRLS

EDITED BY
ANNIE H. RYDER



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INTRODUCTION.

WITHIN the past few years numerous books have been written providing special spiritual thought for each day's wants. These have lifted the souls of thousands and encouraged them to worthier efforts after a heavenly nature; people have come to depend upon these works as on scriptural readings; they have opened the day with a thought from them, or hallowed its close with a selected portion. The books have been indeed Daily Strength for Daily Needs, Helps by the Way, and Gold Dust from the mines of holiness. And there have been calendars, dropping for each day the word of inspiration or of wisdom, giving sweet counsel from the prose and poetry of great authors. With what eagerness do we look for what the new day will say to us when we tear the old leaf away from the month!

Realizing how much good these works are

doing, and knowing how valuable portions of them are to the young, I have thought a little volume entirely devoted to girls might be acceptable. Out of a sincere love for the girls and an earnest desire to help them cheerfully along the way of life, I have striven to bring together such selections as seemed most practical.

Thoughts have been chosen which offer suggestions for daily conduct, and which furnish hints about such common subjects as talking, reading, studying, exercising, caring for health, working, dressing, and other necessary acts. Duty, particularly in its everyday phases, is encouraged on many a page, while other qualities which tend to the growth of character—cheerfulness, perseverance, honesty, courtesy, courage and aspiration, have been leading motives in compiling the work.

Here and there a bit of helpful experience from some well-known woman's life is held up to encourage girls and to increase their reverence for noble womanhood.

In choosing from the many helps to girls, Nature has been deemed most worthy of consid-

eration among the days of the year. If you love her, girls, and daily note some added beauty in her charms, you will grow stronger not only in body and in mind, but in spirit too. Your love for what is pure and for what is beautiful, however common, will increase, and your stock of happiness will be enlarged by riches which no condition in life can impoverish.

For every seventh day a quotation is given bearing directly on spiritual things, though it has been the sincere wish of the compiler to make such selections for each day as shall lead to the fullest development of the soul.

To those large-hearted men and women who have written so helpfully for us, and who allow me to bring together in this year-book their thoughts, please give your thanks, while I in full sincerity add mine. Grow familiar with the works these authors have written in your behalf, and then be glad again that the world has so many good and wise people who love just you yourselves.

If I have too frequently used some thought of my own, it has not been because I believed it worthy of a place among the thoughts of cele-

brated authors, but because I wanted to give you, girls, a certain idea, and had not the opportunity to search for a better expression of it among well-known writers.

While for every day some passage has been taken to give encouragement or hints towards earnest living, the general idea which I hope pervades the little work, is expressed in the title, "New Every Morning," and more fully given in the opening poem. With the dawn of each day we are born anew into opportunities for fresh efforts. No matter about yesterday's shortcomings, "To-day is ours." Make of it a day holy with duty done, and strong with cheerful strivings; a day full of hope for the future.

My heartiest thanks are due to those authors who have so generously allowed me the use of their works, and to the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., and Messrs. Roberts Brothers, whose permission to select passages from their publications has been of great value.

ANNIE H. RYDER.

August, 1886.

JANUARY.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,

Every morn is the world made new.

You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,

Here is a beautiful hope for you :

A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,

The tasks are done and the tears are shed,

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover ;

Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,

Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever :

Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,

With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never

Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,

Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,

Cannot undo and cannot atone ;

God in his mercy receive, forgive them !

Only the new days are our own.

To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

2. She had reached that point where the girl suddenly blooms into a woman, asking something more substantial than pleasure to satisfy the new aspirations that are born ; a time as precious and important to the after life, as the hour when the apple-blossoms fall, and the young fruit waits for the elements to ripen or destroy the harvest.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

There are many boys and girls, full of high hopes, lovely possibilities, and earnest plans, pausing a moment before they push their little boats from the safe shore. Let those who launch them see to it that they have good health to man the oars, good education for ballast, and good principles as pilots to guide them as they voyage down an ever-widening river to the sea.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

3. There are so many kinds of beauty after which one may strive, that we are bewildered by the bare attempt to remember them. There is beauty of manner, of utterance, of achievement, of reputation, of character, any one of these outweighs beauty of person, even in the scales of society, to say nothing of celestial values. Cultivate most of the kind that lasts the longest. The beautiful face with nothing back of it lacks the "staying qualities" that are necessary to those who would be winners in the race of life. It is not the first mile post, but the last that tells the story ; not the outward bound steed, but the one on the "home stretch" that we note as victor.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

4. Girls, have your aspirations, and when you have outgrown one, or exhausted all there is good and pure in it, take hold of another and grow as large as you can in it. If circumstances baffle, why baffle circumstances ; only be careful to do all these things cheerfully. That is the natural way to grow. The trees get along so, you know. They spread out into great space, give as much foliage and fruit as they can, and then when other trees crowd around too closely, they shoot up and out into the limitless air and sunshine. All the while the wind goes sounding through them making life musical and bright. A. H. R.

The true way to begin life is not to look off upon it to see what it offers, but to take a good look at self. Find out what you are, how you are made up, your capacities and lacks, and then determine to get the most out of yourself possible.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

5. I am afraid that the majority of girls act very ridiculously with regard to their health. I should be very sorry to make them nervous and fanciful, and lead them to coddle themselves ; I only want them to act reasonably. If they get wet through and do not change their clothes, if they go from a heated atmosphere to a cold one without additional clothing, if they sit dreaming over the fire, and do not take regular exercise, or if they make exercise impossible, by wearing tight stays, or hobbling about on high-heeled boots, they can no more expect to be strong than they can expect to put their hands into the fire and draw them out smooth and sound.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

6. Maiden, when such a soul as thine is born,
The morning stars their ancient music make
And, joyful, once again their song awake,
Long silent now with melancholy scorn ;
And thou, not mindless of so blest a morn,
By no least deed its harmony shalt break,
But shalt to that high chime thy footsteps take,
Through life's most darksome passes unforlorn ;
Therefore from thy pure faith thou shalt not fall,
Therefore shalt thou be ever fair and free,
And in thine every motion musical
As summer air, majestic as the sea,
A mystery to those who creep and crawl
Through Time, and part it from Eternity.

LOWELL.

7. To live well, you must be in the open air every day. This rule is well nigh absolute. Women offend against it terribly in America, and women are very apt to break down. Rain or shine, mud or dust, go out of your house and see what God is doing outside. I do not count that an irreverent phrase, which says one feels nearer God under the open sky, than he is apt to do when shut up in a room. I know a very wise man who used to say : " People speak of going out, when they should speak of going in." He meant that you do plunge into the air, as when you bathe at the seaside you go into the water. Be quite sure of your air bath. I will not dictate the time, but, on an average, an hour is not too long. You will fare all the better, will eat the better, digest the better, and sleep the better, if instead of an hour it is two hours or more.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

8. Elizabeth Fry, woman-like, aimed at the improvement of her own sex; but the reform she inaugurated did not stop there; like a circle caused by the descent of a pebble into a lake, it widened and extended until she and her work became household words among all classes of society, and in all civilized countries. . . . Probably it is not too much to say that no laborer in the cause of prison reform ever won a larger share of success. Certainly none ever received a larger meed of reverential love. . . . To those who had sinned against, and had been forgiven by her, Mrs. Fry's memory was something almost too holy for earth. No saint of the Catholic Church ever received truer reverence, or performed such miracles of moral healing.

MRS. E. R. PITMAN.

9. I told my Sunday class to-day about putting on "the whole armor of God." We talked about the places that don't get covered by it. You know the Achilles story and the legend about Siegfried? how Achilles' heel didn't get dipped into the fluid which made his body invulnerable, and how a leaf rested between Siegfried's shoulders so that one tiny spot was not bathed in the liquid which protected the rest of him? You remember one was killed by a wound in the heel, and the other by an arrow which struck between his shoulders. Now, girls, we haven't been dipped all over in the magic fluid of goodness. Lots and lots of places are bare. We don't help being wicked in hundreds of ways. It's easy not to steal and not to lie, but it is not easy to keep from losing patience, and getting envious, and wanting to have our own way. We have just the least armor on.

A. H. R.

10. Be more economical in the use of your mother tongue. Apply your terms of praise with precision ; use epithets with some degree of judgment and fitness. Do not waste your best and highest words upon inferior objects, and find that when you have met with something which really is superlatively great and good, the terms by which you would distinguish it have all been thrown away upon inferior things — that you are bankrupt in expression. If a thing is simply good, say so ; if pretty, say so ; if very pretty, say so ; if fine, say so ; if very fine, say so ; if grand, say so ; if sublime, say so ; if magnificent, say so ; if splendid, say so. These words all have different meanings, and you may say them all of as many different objects, and not use the word “perfect” once. That is a very large word.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

11. Not a little sunshine of our Northern winters is surely wrapped up in the apple. How pleasing to the touch. I love to stroke its polished rondure with my hand, to carry it in my pocket on my tramp over the winter hills, or through the early spring woods. You are company, you red-cheeked spitz, or you salmon-fleshed greening ! I toy with you ; press your face to mine, toss you in the air, roll you on the ground, see you shine out where you lie amid the moss and dry leaves and sticks. You are so alive ! You glow like a ruddy flower. You look so animated I almost expect to see you move ! I postpone the eating of you, you are so beautiful ! How compact ; how exquisitely tinted ! Stained by the sun and varnished against the rains.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

12. Some of the girls said, sometimes, that "Leslie Goldthwaite liked to be odd; she took pains to be." This was not true; she began with the prevailing fashion — the fundamental idea of it — always, when she had a new thing; but she modified and curtailed, — something was sure to stop her somewhere; and the trouble with the new fashions is that they never stop. . . . She had other work to do, and she must choose the finishing that would take the shortest time; or satin folds would cost six dollars more, and she wanted the money to use differently; the dress was never the first and the *must be*.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

She didn't seem to sense anything only ruffles and such like. Her mind seemed to be narrowed down and puckered up, just like trimmin'.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

13. For each of us there waits an Orleans. Some time that crisis-battle must be fought which gives us final victory or ultimate defeat. In that long siege which precedes that crisis-battle we need the faith of Joan, that faith which ranges the soul on the side of the conquering powers, and enlists it in a service which is sure to win. And we need to see our visions, to hear our voices, as did Joan hers; those visions which open to us from the summits of our holiest resolve, our highest endeavor, our most painful abnegation; those voices which lay on us most strenuous commands and whisper to us, in secret chambers of our beleaguered souls, words of conviction, of courage, and of cheer. God grant that we be not unresponsive to that angel voice, that we be not disobedient unto the heavenly vision!

ROSE E. CLEVELAND.

14. In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

LONGFELLOW.

The old fashion of simplicity is the best for all of us.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Charles Lamb was just in his admiration of the shining Quakeresses who came up to their Whitsun-conferences clad in white simplicity, a quality in dress, as in behavior, most becoming. Some of the prettiest faces we see may be confined by the linen bands of the Sisters of Mercy or by plain Quaker bonnets, still we are to remember that it is the soul always and not the simple attire which makes faces sweet, and lives beautiful. "Handsome is that handsome does."

A. H. R.

15. If there were only a sure and certain receipt for making a cheery person, how glad we would all be to try it! How thankful we would all be to do good like sunshine! To cheer everybody up and help everybody along! To have everybody's face brighten the minute we come in sight! Why, it seems to me there cannot be in this life any pleasure half so great as this would be. If we looked at life only from a selfish point of view, it would be worth while to be a cheery person merely because it would be such a satisfaction to have everybody be glad to live with us, to see us, even to meet us on the street.

"I jist like to let her in at the door," said an Irish servant one day, of a woman I know whose face was always cheery and bright; "the face of her does one good, shure."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

16. "But I do sin," you say, "again and again, and that is what makes me fearful. I try to do better, but I fall and I fail all day long. I try not to be covetous and worldly, but poverty tempts me, and I fall; I try to keep my temper, but people upset me, and I say things of which I am bitterly ashamed the next minute. Can God love such a one as me?" My answer is, If God loved the whole world when it was dead in trespasses and sins, and *not* trying to be better, much more will he love you who are not dead in trespasses and sins, and are trying to be better. If he were not still helping you; if his Spirit were not with you, you would care no more to become better than a dog or an ox cares. And if you fall—why, arise again. Get up, and go on. You may be sorely bruised, and soiled with your fall, but is that any reason for lying still, and giving up the struggle cowardly? In the name of Jesus Christ, arise and walk.

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

17. I like so much the legend of St. Elizabeth, of Hungary, who did all for charity's sake—that is, for love's sweet sake.—You know that the heavy load of bread which she was carrying, trying to conceal it from her husband's eye, all turned to roses, red and white, when he commanded her to open the pack which she was bringing to the poor. Gentle deeds of charity always turn fragrant and beautiful in our hands, even when custom, or authority, or fashion, or prudence rebukes us for bestowing gifts. You give a loaf and you let an angel into your heart.

A. H. R.

18. In our comfortable homes, we forget how near these wretched cellars and attics are to the reformatories and prison cells. They are the next door, and it depends often upon our personal influence over the poor to keep that door shut. When we are told that certain evils cannot be helped, that we may as well let them alone, we must remember that experience has taught differently. Evils can be helped, and to let things alone is to lend ourselves to wrong. It is impossible to overestimate the value of friendly communication with the poor and unfortunate. When I see what is accomplished sometimes by what in contrast may be called so small an expenditure, it seems impossible not to spread the good news, and thus bring in a very much larger number of workers, when the harvest is so abundant. "From wealth, little can be hoped; from intercourse, everything."

How to Help the Poor.—MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS.

19. Have something to do, whether you are rich or poor, have some useful employment. And let it be some fixed task which you cannot shirk at a moment's notice. Carlyle compares the work of this world to an immense hand-barrow with innumerable handles, of which there is one for every human being. But there are some people, he says, so lazy, that they not only let go their handle, but jump upon the barrow and increase the weight. Don't let go *your* handle. There is abundance of work in this busy world for every one who has a human heart.

DAVID PRYDE.

20. In the morning, when thou risest unwillingly, let this thought be present: "I am rising to the work of a human being. Why then am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist, and for which I was brought into the world? Or have I been made for this, — to lie in the bed-clothes, and keep myself warm?"

But this is more pleasant. Dost thou exist, then, to take thy pleasure, and not at all for action or exertion? Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees, working together to put in order their several parts of the universe?

And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being? and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature? MARCUS ANTONINUS.

21.

O Love is weak

Which counts the answers and the gains,
Weighs all the losses and the pains,
And eagerly each fond word drains
A joy to seek.

When Love is strong
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gift; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strife belongs.

It hardly asks
If it be loved at all; to take
So barren seems, when it can make
Such bliss, for the beloved sake,
Of bitter tasks.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

22. "Taste, dear Mrs. Potiphar," said the Pacha, "was a thing not known in the days of those kings. Grace was entirely supplanted by grotesqueness, and now, instead of pure and beautiful Greek forms, we must collect these hideous things. If you are going backward to find models, why not go as far as the good ones? My dear madam, an *or molu* Louis Quatorze clock would have given Pericles a fit. Your drawing-rooms would have thrown Aspasia into hysterics. Things are not beautiful because they cost money; nor is any grouping handsome without harmony. Your house is like a woman dressed in Ninon de l'Enclos's bodice, with Queen Anne's hooped skirt, who limps in Chinese shoes, and wears an Elizabethan ruff round her neck, and a Druse's horn on her head.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

23. We are, many of us, in these days wandering far and wide in despairing search for some bread of life whereby we may sustain our souls, some *Holy Grail* wherein we may drink salvation from doubt and sin. It may be a long, long quest ere we find it; but one thing is ready to our hands. It is DUTY. Let us turn to that in simple fidelity, and labor to act up to our own highest ideal to *be* the very best and purest and truest we know how, and to *do* around us every work of love which our hands and hearts may reach. When we have lived and labored like this, then, I believe, that the light will come to us, as to many another doubting soul; and it will prove true once more that "they who do God's will shall know of his doctrine."

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

24. Raphael and Guido have painted the angel Michael with a beautiful maiden's face, though his body is muscular, and his wings are tipped with strength, while, firm as a Hercules, he stands upon the writhing coils of Satan. The Devil but turns his coward head to look with vanquished strength upon the clear, calm smile of the angel. Maidenly love of what is pure, of what is brave, of what is manly, will crush the evil in youths who are tempted; yes, and make from an Adam of mere muscle and intelligence a very god of virtue.

A. H. R.

25. The artist was not just then at her easel, but was busied with the feminine task of mending a pair of gloves. There is something extremely pleasant, and even touching, — at least, of very sweet, soft, and winning effect, — in this peculiarity of needlework distinguishing women from men. . . . Women be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty — have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasion: the woman poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye, that has discovered a new star turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief or to darn a casual fray in her dress. . . . Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew; especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied.

HAWTHORNE.

26. Sweet and thoughtful maiden sitting by my side,
All the world's before you and the world is wide,
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to
break,
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?

Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

LOUISE C. MOULTON.

27. But how came it that Florence Nightingale devoted herself to the profession of nursing? Simply from a feeling of love and duty. She need never have devoted herself to so trying and disagreeable an occupation. She was an accomplished young lady, possessing abundant means. She was happy at home, a general favorite, and the centre of an admiring circle. . . . The soldiers blessed her as they saw her shadow falling over their pillows at night. They did not know her name; they merely called her "The Lady of the Lamp."

SMILES.

Every tidy, gentle girl who goes into the sick room bearing with her, it may be, but a smile or a touch, carries a lamp in her hand, which is filled with the oil of blessing.

A. H. R.

From henceforth thou shalt learn that there is love
To long for, pureness to desire, a mount
Of consecration it were good to scale.

JEAN INGELow.

28. Life consists of two parts — *Expression* and *Repression*, — each of which has its solemn duties. To love, joy, hope, faith, pity, belongs the duty of *expression*; to anger, envy, malice, revenge, and all uncharitableness, belongs the duty of *repression*. Some very religious and moral people err by applying *expression* to both classes alike. They repress equally the expression of love and of hatred, of pity and of anger. Such forget one great law, as true in the moral world as in the physical,—that repression lessens and deadens. . . . A compress on a limb will stop its growing; the surgeon knows this, and puts a tight bandage around a tumor; but what if we put a tight bandage about the heart and lungs, as some young ladies of my acquaintance do,—or bandage the feet, as they do in China? And what if we bandage a nobler inner faculty, and wrap *love* in grave-clothes?

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

29. Do not despise your love for the beautiful: cherish it, develop it to the last; steep your whole soul in beauty; watch it in its most vast and complex harmonies, and not less in its most faint and fragmentary traces. Learn to comprehend, to master, to embody it; to show it forth to men as the sacrament of heaven, the finger-mark of God.

But more — God has not only made things beautiful; He has made things happy; whatever misery there may be in the world, there is no denying that. However sorrow may have come into the world, there is a great deal more happiness than misery in it. Misery is the exception; happiness is the rule.

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

30. "My children," Father Le Blanc was saying, "you put all your treasures into earthen vessels. Your aspirations, so noble, soar upward like the branches of the tree, but your roots are in the earth that you must certainly leave. All your faith which will not take denials; all your hopes which will not be gainsaid; all your wide-embracing affections you place in humanity, — in a few frail hearts which cannot meet the infinity of your need and of your desire. And all these things which must fail you and pass away, . . . why will you put them in the place of heaven, to which you go to live forever; in the place of God, whose love knows no variableness nor shadow of turning? It is not I who undervalue them; it is you who overestimate them. . . . Love them without sacrificing yourself to them. Make them the rivers that water your life, and also the rivers that bear you to the infinite sea into which they shall be merged. A. S. HARDY.

31. She neither regarded them each and all as wolves nor as possible lovers. . . . She was even capable of being utterly unconscious of the astounding fact of a *tête-à-tête* with a man. Perhaps the day would come when the clear, steady eyes would droop and the brave mouth would tremble in the presence of a man; but surely not for every man must she lose her sweet freedom and fearlessness. . . . What will the true king have when he comes to his throne, if his golden tribute has been wasted on every passer by? And when will the dull world learn that truth may look out of the heart of a maiden through loyal, fearless eyes, while false coquetry often drops the lid, and sends the shy, conscious flush to the cheek?

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

FEBRUARY.

1. The snow levels all things, and infolds them deeper in the bosom of nature, as, in the slow summer, vegetation creeps up to the entablature of the temple, and the turrets of the castle, and helps her to prevail over art.

A healthy man, indeed, is the complement of the seasons, and in winter, summer is in his heart. There is the South. Thither have all birds and insects migrated, and around the warm springs in his breast are gathered the robin and the lark.

There is a slumbering subterranean fire in nature which never goes out, and which no cold can chill. In the coldest day it flows somewhere, and the snow melts around every tree.

THOREAU.

2. Who quarrels with dancing? But then, people must dance at their own risk. If Lucy Lamb, by dancing with young Boosey when he is tipsy, shows that she has no self-respect, how can I, coolly talking with Mrs. Lamb in the corner, and gravely looking on, respect the young lady? Lucy tells me that if she dances with James she must dance with John. I cannot deny it, for I am not sufficiently familiar with the regulations of the mystery. Only this; if dancing with sober James makes it necessary to dance with tipsy John — it seems to me, upon a hasty glance at the subject, that a self-respecting Lucy would refrain from the dance with James. Why Lucy must dance with every man who asks her, whether he is in his senses, or knows how to dance, or is agreeable to her or not, is a profound mystery to Paul Potiphar.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

3. If all women could realize the power, the might of even a small pleasure, how much happier the world would be! and how much longer bodies and souls both would bear up under living! Sensitive people realize it to the very core of their being. They know that often and often it happens to them to be revived, kindled, strengthened, to a degree which they could not describe, and which they hardly comprehend, by some little thing — some word of praise, some token of remembrance, some proof of affection or recognition. They know, too, that strength goes out of them, just as inexplicably, just as fatally, when for a space, perhaps even for a short space, all these are wanting.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

4. The Girl of the Period, sauntering before one down Broadway, is one panorama of awful surprises from top to toe. Her clothes characterize her. She never characterizes her clothes. . . . She has not one of the attributes of nature nor of proper art. She neither soothes the eye like a flower, nor pleases it like a picture. She wearies it like a kaleidoscope. She is a meaningless dazzle of broken effects. Surely it is one of the requisitions of a tasteful garb that the expression of effort to please shall be wanting in it; that the mysteries of the toilet shall not be suggested by it; that the steps to its completion shall be knocked away like the sculptor's ladder from the statue, and the mental force expended upon it be swept away out of sight like chips on the studio floor.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

5. "One day, when I was a very little girl, I was watching my mother make strawberry preserves. Beside the stove stood a large milk pan containing some squash for company pies. 'Now, Bridget,' said my mother, 'at last it is done; take the kettle off.' This was accomplished and then, with almost incredible stupidity, the 'help' actually emptied the strawberries into the squash! My mother turned her head just too late. She was quick and impulsive, but, there escaped from her mouth only a despairing 'Oh, Bridget!' Then as she saw the girl's regretful face, she uttered no angry reproaches. No doubt, when my tired mother went up-stairs to rest, she felt disheartened, and thought that her preserves and squash, her time and labor, had all been wasted; but probably she never did for me a more valuable morning's work than when she gave me that unconscious lesson in sweet self control."

"MOTHERS IN COUNCIL."

6. I must confess, however, that rage and hatred boiled within me, but I wrestled with these evil spirits till I could say to myself: "No, the wicked shall not so far trouble me as to poison my heart. No, I will do all the good I can to those who falsely call themselves Christians and followers of the religion of love. One thing certainly I cannot do, I cannot love my enemies, and I know no one who can; nay, I believe the saying was never meant in that sense, only, as it is written afterwards: I can and I must do good to those who have injured me. . . . We cannot force ourselves to love our enemy, but we can force ourselves to help him and to do good to him. This I must do — I can and I will."

AUERBACH.

7. Ever since spinning was a type of womanly industry, from age to age and nation to nation, it has been expected that beautiful apparel should clothe women. From the classic robes of an Aspasia to the rich dresses of Elizabeth, and thence to the wedding gown of Puritan Priscilla, we see the value and attractiveness of dress. But there are some costumes I cannot abide, can you? Have you never seen girls whose dresses looked like books with the beginning and ending gone, which reminded you of "antiques and horrors" or of what musicians call medleys — "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Nearer my God to Thee," "Hail Columbia," all in a whirl? What is the matter? Lack of harmony. A. H. R.

8. Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
 Although no home were half so fair;
 No simplest duty is forgot;
 Life hath no dim and lowly spot
 That doth not in her sunshine share.
- She doeth little kindnesses
 Which most leave undone, or despise;
 For nought that sets one heart at ease,
 And giveth happiness or peace,
 Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.
- She hath no scorn of common things,
 And, though she seem of other birth,
 Round us her heart entwines and clings,
 And patiently she folds her wings
 To tread the humble paths of earth.

.
 LOWELL.

9. When people wish to say — not how great a distance they have to go in order to reach a certain place, but how far it really is straight from point to point — they say it is so far, as the crow flies. Now, Polly, suppose you try to do all you have to do “as the crow flies.” Don’t be like the robin, which flew down, and then up again, and then stopped, and considered, and fluttered about; but go on patiently and steadily, “as the crow flies.”

JEAN INGELow.

We do nothing heartily and happily that we do not do honestly, with a single eye and perfect self-reliance.

SUMNER ELLIS.

10. She *looked* real. Her bright hair was gathered up loosely, with some graceful turn that showed its fine shining strands had all been freshly dressed and handled; . . . it was not packed and stuffed and matted and put on like a pad or bolster, from the bump of benevolence, all over that and everything else gentle and beautiful, down to the bend of her neck; and her dress suggested always some one simple idea which you could trace through it, in its harmony, at a glance; not complex and bewildering and fatiguing with its many parts and folds and festoonings and the garnishings of every one of these. She looked more as young women used to look before it took a lady with her dressmaker seven toilsome days to achieve a “short street suit,” and the public promenades became the problems that they now are to the inquiring minds that are forced to wonder who stops at home and does up all the sewing, and where the hair all comes from.

Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

11. Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome that with my admiration of them "the stranger intermeddleth not."

WHITTIER.

12. Nothing comes amiss in the great business of preparation, if it has been thoroughly well learned. And the strangest things come of use, too, at the strangest times. A sailor teaches you to tie a knot when you are on a fishing party, and you tie that knot the next time when you are patching up the Emperor of Russia's carriage for him, in a valley in the Ural Mountains. But "getting ready" does not mean the piling in of a heap of accidental accomplishments. It means sedulously examining the coming duty or pleasure, imagining it even in its details, decreeing the utmost punctuality so far as you are concerned, and thus entering upon them as a knight armed from head to foot.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Keep steadily before you the fact that all true success depends at last upon yourself,—trite to weariness, I acknowledge, but one of those eternal truths to be kept before us as we heed gravitation and appetite. The tritest is always the truest.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

13. I cannot think but God must know
 About the thing I long for so ;
 I know He is so good, so kind,
 I cannot think but He will find
 Some way to help, some way to show
 Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand — it lies so near :
 It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.
 "Dear Lord," I pray, "Oh let me know
 If it is wrong to want it so ?"
 He only smiles, — He does not speak ;
 My heart grows weaker and more weak,
 With looking at the thing so dear,
 Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at Thy loved feet
 This thing which looks so near, so sweet ;
 I will not seek, I will not long, —
 I almost fear I have been wrong.
 I'll go, and work the harder, Lord,
 And wait till by some loud, clear word
 Thou callest me to Thy loved feet,
 To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

SAXE HOLM.

14. I have read and well I believe it, that a friend is in prosperity a pleasure, in adversity a solace, in grief a comfort, in joy a merry companion, at all times another *I*, in all places the express image of mine own person ; insomuch that I cannot tell whether the immortal gods have bestowed any gift upon mortal men, either more noble or more necessary than friendship.

LYLY'S "EUPHUES."

15. That she had faults we need not deny. But as an example of one who, gifted with great powers, aspired only to their noblest uses ; who, able to rule, sought rather to counsel and to help,— she deserves a place in the highest niche of her country's affection. As a woman who believed in women, her word is still an evangel of hope and inspiration to her sex. Her heart belonged to all God's creatures, and most to what is noblest in them. Gray-headed men of to-day, the happy companions of her youth, grow young again when they speak of her. One of these still recalls her as the greatest soul he ever knew. Such a word, spoken with the weight of ripe wisdom, may fitly indicate to posterity the honor and reverence which belong to the memory of Margaret Fuller.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

16. There is never a "Might-have-been" that touches with a sting, but reveals also to us an inner glimpse of the wide and beautiful "May-be." It is all there; somebody else has it now, while we wait.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

We know not, verily, that which is laid up for us. There are such beautiful things *put by*. In God's house and in God's time, there are such treasures.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Hope unlocks the temple doors. Despair rusts the keys. Each must know her own anxieties best ; but the trials of all, we shall sometime see, are but bitter on the outside, sweet and nourishing within. Believe in the *sometime*.

A. H. R.

17. What makes the "best society" of men and women? The noblest specimens of each, of course. The men who mould the time, who refresh our faith in heroism and virtue. . . The women, whose beauty, and sweetness, and dignity, and high accomplishment, and grace, make us understand the Greek mythology, and weaken our desire to have some glimpse of the most famous women of history. The "best society" is that in which the virtues are the most shining, which is the most charitable, forgiving, long-suffering, modest, and innocent. The "best society" is, by its very name, that in which there is the least hypocrisy and insincerity of all kinds, which recoils from, and blasts, artificiality, which is anxious to be all that it is possible to be, and which sternly reprobates all shallow pretence, all coxcombery and foppery and insists upon simplicity as the infallible characteristic of true worth. That is the "best society" which comprises the best men and women.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

18. "You are seeking your own will, my daughter. You are seeking some good other than the law you are bound to obey. But how will you find good? It is not a thing of choice: it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne, and flows by the path of obedience. I say again, man cannot choose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties, and choose not to have the sorrow they bring. But you will go forth; and what will you find, my daughter? Sorrow without duty—bitter herbs, and no bread with them.

GEORGE ELIOT.

19. . . . The Mahomets, the Carlyles, the George Eliots, need their Cadijahs, but not so much, I would say, as do the people with whom we come in contact every day, in common ways and common places. . . . I deem it true that deeper than the craving for health, or wealth, or love, is the craving for recognition, the deep desire to be known for what we truly are ; to hear from some human lips our rightful name . . . to *hear* this name, that at last we may answer to it, and find and keep our undisputed place. If you miss health, miss wealth, lose or lack love, may you *not* miss the gift from another of divining faith in you ; this faith which is, as is all faith, the gift of God. The name of every Cadijah is also Theodora.

ROSE E. CLEVELAND.

20. Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year : you will never be forgotten . . . your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

CHALMERS.

There is nothing — no, nothing — innocent or good that dies and is forgotten ; let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in the cradle will live again in the better thoughts of those that loved it, and play its part through them in redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes, or drowned in the deep sea.

DICKENS.

21. Whatever it be that keeps the finer faculties of the mind awake, wonder alive, and the interest above mere eating and drinking, money-making and money-saving; whatever it be that gives gladness, or sorrow, or hope,—this, be it violin, pencil, pen, or, highest of all, the love of woman, is simply a divine gift of holy influence for the salvation of that being to whom it comes, for the lifting of him out of the mire and upon the rock. For it keeps a way open for the entrance of deeper, holier, grander influences emanating from the same riches of the Godhead.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

22. Pamela, who that day having wearied her selfe with reading . . . was working upon a purse certaine roses and lillies. . . . The flowers shee had wrought caried such life in them, that the cunningest painter might have learned of her needle: which, with so pretty a manner, made his carees to & fro through the cloth, as if the needle itselwe would haue been loth to haue gone fromward such a mistresse, but that it hoped to returne thitherward very quickly againe; the clothe looking with many eyes vpon her, and louingly embracing the wounds she gaue it; the sheares also were at hand to behead the silke that was growne too short. And if at any time shee put her mouth to bite it off, it seemed, that where she had beene long in making of a rose with her hands, she would in an instant make roses with her lips; as the lillies seemed to haue their whitenesse rather of the hand that made them, than of the matter whereof they were made; & that they grew there by the suns of her eyes, and were refreshed by the most . . . comfortable ayre, which an unawares sigh might bestow upon them.

PHILIP SIDNEY.

23. Be but faithful, that is all.
Go right on, and close behind thee,
There shall follow still and *find* thee,
Help, sure help!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

When Douglas was carrying the heart of Bruce in the silver case, to bury it in the Holy Land, he was attacked by a body of Turks, and finding the result somewhat doubtful he took the silver case and flung it among the ranks of the enemy, saying, "O brave heart of Bruce! go foward as you have ever done, and I will follow." Take the beating heart of Christ and throw it among your temptations, and follow where that leads, by its divine impulses, by its eternal recognition of that which alone is right, and good and true.

CHAPIN.

24. Expression is the loftiest and the final charm in every human face. While it is right, indeed a heavenly intuition, to desire beauty, and while attention to the laws of hygiene, good taste, and good behavior mightily conduce to it, heavenly thoughts are the only sure rceipe for a countenance of heavenly expression. St. Cecilia heard the music of the upper courts, and hence her face mirrors its ethereal loveliness. It is not only true that prayer will cause a man to cease from sinning, even as sin will cause a man to cease from prayer, but it is also true that no heart can be lifted up toward God as a lily lifts its chalice to the sun, without the face beaming with a light which never shone on sea or shore, but which reflects the shekinah of the upper sanctuary.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

25. The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, and impossibilities — it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.

CARLYLE.

Near the close of the Middle Ages there lived in Spain a girl whose persistent efforts after reforms in the Catholic religion, and whose endeavors after a pure and consecrated life, made people call her in after-times "Saint Theresa." So noble was her devotion to truth, so persevering her endeavor for charity's sake, that even her bodily infirmities and her poverty had to succumb to her lofty purposes. When founding the Carmelite Convent of Toledo, she was taunted with the harsh fact that she had only four *ducats* to begin her work of mercy. But she replied to the reproach by saying, "Theresa and this money are indeed nothing; but God and Theresa and four ducats can accomplish anything."

A. H. R.

26. The want of occupation is no less the plague of society than of solitude.

ROUSSEAU.

You just take hold of something and try. You'll find there's always a working alongside. Put up your sails and the wind will fill 'em.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Absorbing occupation was with Mme. de Staël, as it is with all energetic minds, a necessary condition of contentment and of mental health. "I see," she says, "that time divided is never long, and that regularity abridges all things."

ABEL STEVENS.

27. But our school-girl is largely occupied with becoming "a young lady." She may lose sight of her intention by and by, when she enters Lassell, or Wellesley, or Vassar; but at present, especially if she be a village girl, she does not know even the joyous restful weariness of a long vigorous walk, much less would she *run*. . . . Very likely treasures of flowers, rare plants, minerals, birds, and beautiful landscape views, illustrating the sciences and literature she is industriously studying in-doors, lie all about her, among the hills and woods, within walking distance. But she is none the richer. She and a friend, arm in arm, frequently "promenade;" she stands about in groups, she returns calls, she goes shopping, she wears high French heels, and wears them, too, as nearly as may be, under her insteps. She has been known to visit the chiropodist.

MARY J. SAFFORD. M. D.

28. If you are to see clearly all your life, you must not sacrifice eyesight by over-straining it; and the same law of moderation is the condition of preserving every other faculty. I want you to know the exquisite taste of common dry bread; to enjoy the perfume of a larch wood at a distance; to feel delight when a sea-wave dashes over you. I want your eye to be so sensitive that it shall discern the faintest tones of a gray cloud, and yet so strong that it shall bear to gaze on a white one in the dazzling glory of sunshine. I would have your hearing sharp enough to detect the music of the spheres, if it were but audible, and yet your nervous system robust enough to endure the shock of the guns on an ironclad. To have and keep these powers, we need a firmness of self-government that is rare.

HAMERTON.

MARCH.

1. Ah! March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing violets.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Nearer and ever nearer
Drawing with every day!
But a little longer to wait and watch
'Neath skies so cold and gray;
And hushed is the roar of the bitter north
Before the might of the spring,
And up the frozen slope of the world
Climbs Summer, triumphing.

CELIA THAXTER.

2. If books cost in proportion to their grade or value, or if the higher levels of composition and creation were, of necessity, so written that they could be understood only by severe application, like that of learning a foreign language, or the higher mathematics, how would society be affected with a fresh and worthy sense of the privilege of books and reading! If only the aristocracy of wealth could buy Dante and the Waverley Novels, and the literature of the age of Elizabeth, or could read of Copernicus, or Herschell's astronomy, or could own the Prophets and the four Gospels!

No, — we do not say the empire of letters, the kingdom of letters, the aristocracy or oligarchy of letters, but the republic of letters.

T. STARR KING.

3. I know the Miss Osbornes were excellent critics of a cashmere shawl, or a pink satin slip; and when Miss Turner had hers dyed purple, and made into a spencer; and when Miss Pickford had her ermine tippet twisted into a muff and trimmings, I warrant you the changes did not escape the two intelligent young women before mentioned. But there are things, look you, of a finer texture than fur or satin, and all Solomon's glories, and all the wardrobe of the Queen of Sheba;—things whereof the beauty escapes the eye of many connoisseurs. And there are sweet modest little souls on which you light, fragrant and blooming tenderly in quiet shady places; and there are garden-ornaments, as big as brass warming-pans, that are fit to stare the sun itself out of countenance.

THACKERAY.

4. In very truth, Mary Marston was already immeasurably more of a lady than Hesper Mortimer was ever likely to be in this world. What was the stateliness and pride of the one compared to the fact that the other would have died in the work-house or on the street rather than let a man she did not love embrace her.—To be a martyr to a lie is but false ladyhood. There was nothing striking about her; she made no such sharp impression on the mind as compelled one to think of her again; yet always, when one had been long enough in her company to feel the charm of her individuality, the very quiet of any quiet moment was enough to bring back the sweetness of Mary's twilight presence. For this girl, who spent her days behind a counter, was one of the spiritual forces at work for the conservation and recovery of the universe.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

5. I should have a small book-case, just one shelf, and on it I should arrange the biographies of those women who represent the best lives in all positions and callings. I should select not perfect women — they cannot be found — but I should choose such as have been ideally brave, faithful, industrious and true to the duty which lay closest to them. I should want them to represent what woman has done in religion, literature, science, art, history, as well as in domestic industries, in philanthropy and in the home. But, mind you, girls, I should not always prefer the lives of those women about whose feet the world has cast the most crowns.

A. H. R.

That which is ideally beautiful or strong in men and women imparts courage to us who learn about them ; but there are brave and gentle lives, surrounded by debasing circumstances, which the world only too rarely exhorts.

A. H. R.

6. Patience and struggle. An earnest use of what we have now, and, all the time, an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be. Are not these what we need ? What, in their rich union, we could not get, except in just such a life as this with its delayed completions ? Jesus does not blame Peter when he impetuously begs that he may follow Him now. He bids him wait and he shall follow Him some day. But we can see that the value of his waiting lies in the certainty that he shall follow, and the value of his following, when it comes, will lie in the fact that he has waited. So, if we take all Christ's culture, we are sure that our life on earth may get already the inspiration of the heaven for which we are training, and our life in heaven may keep forever the blessing of the earth in which we were trained.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

7. She looks through life, and with a balance just
 Weighs men and things, beholding as they are
 The lives of others : in the common dust
 She finds the fragments of the ruined star :
 Proud, with a pride all feminine and sweet,
 No path can soil the whiteness of her feet.

The steady candor of her gentle eyes,
 Strikes dead deceit, laughs vanity away ;
 She hath no room for petty jealousies,
 Where Faith and Love divide their tender sway.
 Of either sex she owns the nobler part :
 Man's honest brow and woman's faithful heart.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

8. "They are in God's hands," answered Falconer.
 "He hasn't done with them yet. Shall it take less time
 to make a woman than to make a world? Is not the
 woman the greater? She may have her ages of chaos,
 her centuries of crawling slime, yet rise a woman at last."

"It always comes back upon me, as if I had never known
 it before, that women like some of those were of the first
 to understand our Lord."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Not to the shorn lamb alone, always are sharp winds
 beneficently tempered. There is mercy, also, to the mis-
 erable wolf.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

BURNS.

Yet to the worst despair that comes through sin
 God's light shall reach at last.

CELIA THAXTER.

9. "I have had no exact system with my niece Rosamund. Perhaps I have erred in this. But I should be grieved to see her losing unconsciousness and fearlessness. She has never learned to be afraid. I should be pained if she should begin to think much about evil, even for the purpose of avoiding it. I have always had the idea, that, although I myself, as a girl, was far from a headstrong, impetuous, brilliant character, had anyone said to me, 'Young girl, here is a pleasant garden, where you may play, and here is a great, mysterious wall, with something highly interesting beyond, which you must not see or think about — making daisy-chains would have palled upon me at last; and, though I might not have actually ventured on the forbidden ground, I am very sure I should at least have found a ladder, climbed up, and peeped over the wall to my heart's content.'" BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

10. Work, then, girls! Work for pleasure, work for profit! Work for the health of your bodies, and the health of your souls! "You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and most delicate ways, improve yourselves." . . . "When men are rightly occupied their amusement grows out of their work, as the color petals out of a fruitful flower; when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body."

To these great truths of Ruskin add these bits of warning: whatever your work is, be not impatient for great results. Go slowly, remembering the necessity for thoroughness and for bringing your strongest action to bear upon the important points.

A. H. R.

11. There is such an expression used as "society manners." Alice and Phebe Cary had no manner for society more charming in the slightest particular, than they had for each other. No pun ever came into Phebe's head too bright to be flashed over Alice, and Alice had no gentleness for strangers which she withheld from Phebe. The perfect gentlewomen which they were in the parlor, they were always, under every circumstance. There was not a servant in the house, who, in his or her place, was not treated with as absolute a politeness as a guest in the parlor. This spirit of perfect breeding penetrated every word and act of the household. What Alice and Phebe Cary were in their drawing-room, they were always in the absolute privacy of their lives. Each obeyed one inflexible law.

MARY CLEMMER.

12. To sleep well is one of your duties. Do not cultivate, do not permit, any of the sentimental nonsense which speaks as if sleep were a matter of chance, or were out of your control. You must sleep well, if you mean to do the rest well. You must have body and mind in good working order; and they will not be in good working order, unless you sleep regularly, steadily, and enough. Do not place any confidence in the old laws which limit the amount of sleep. There are such old lines as "six hours sleep for a maid, and seven hours sleep for a man." Take all you need. . . . The rule is correlative to the rule for work. Thomas Drew stated it thus: "You have no right in any day to incur more fatigue than the sleep of the next night will recover from."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

13. The old, old story ; yet I kneel
 To tell it at Thy call ;
 And cares grow lighter as I feel
 My Father knows them all.
 Yes, all ! The morning and the night,
 The joy, the grief, the loss,
 The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
 The hourly thorn and cross.

.
 And He has loved me ! All my heart
 With answering love is stirred ;
 And every anguished pain and smart
 Finds healing in the word.
 So here I lay me down to rest,
 As nightly shadows fall,
 And lean, confiding, on His breast,
 Who knows and pities all !

ANON.

14. At sixteen or eighteen, or perhaps at twenty, a girl can toss a jaunty little felt hat upon her head, pin it in a twinkling above her wayward hair, tie on a bit of blue or red somewhere about her blouse, brush her short walking-skirt into becoming folds, tie up her tennis shoes, and there she is in five minutes, prettier, fresher, more becomingly dressed than all the older women of the household, who have been standing before the mirror trying this effect and that for the last hour. Ask a girl how she does it, how she manages to make her hat bend down and up, and in and out, in all kinds of alluring ways, and she does not know,—it belongs to girls to do such things. Of course it does !

A. H. R.

15. Leslie was different, in some things, from the little world of girls about her. . . . She was like a bit of fresh, springing, delicate vine in a bouquet of bright similarly beautiful flowers; taking little free curves and reaches of her own, just as she had grown; not tied, nor placed, nor constrained; never the central or most brilliant thing; but somehow a kind of life and grace that helped and touched and perfected all.

There was something very real and individual about her; she was no "girl of the period," made up by the fashion of the day. She would have grown just as a rose or a violet would, the same in the first quarter of the century or the third. They called her "grandmotherly" sometimes, when a certain quaint primitiveness that was in her showed itself. And yet she was the youngest girl in all that set, as to simpleness and freshness and unpretendingness, though she was in her twentieth year now, which sounds — so very old! Adelaide Marchbanks used to say of her that she "stayed fifteen."

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

16. So I am content to tell my simple story, without trying to make things seem better than they were; dreading nothing, indeed, but falsity, which, in spite of one's best efforts, there is reason to dread. Falsehood is so easy, truth so difficult. Examine your words well, and you will find that even when you have no motive to be false, it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, even about your own immediate feelings,—much harder than to say something fine about them which is *not* the exact truth.

GEORGE ELIOT.

17. Great men and great causes have always some helper of whom the outside world knows but little. Sometimes these helpers have been men, sometimes they have been women, who have given themselves to help and strengthen those called upon to be leaders and workers, inspiring them with courage, keeping faith in their own idea alive, in days of darkness. Of this noble company of unknown helpers Caroline Herschel was one. She stood beside her brother, William Herschel, sharing his labors, helping his life. . . . She became his assistant in the workshop; she helped him to grind and polish his mirrors; she stood beside his telescope in the nights of midwinter, to write down his observations, when the very ink was frozen. She kept him alive by her care; thinking nothing of herself, she lived for him. She loved him, believed in him, and helped him, with all her heart and with all her strength.

MRS. JOHN HERSCHEL.

18. It was a lovely day. The sun shone so warm that you could not help thinking of what he would be able to do before long — draw primroses and buttercups out of the earth by force of sweet persuasive influences. But in the shadows lay fine webs and laces of ice, so delicately lovely that one could not but be glad of the cold that made the water able to please itself by taking such graceful forms. And I wondered over again for the hundredth time, what could be the principle which, in the wildest, most lawless, fantastically chaotic, apparently capricious work of nature, always kept it beautiful. The beauty of holiness must be at the heart of it somehow, I thought.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

19. "I do not object to plain, pure sugar candies, if eaten as a dessert now and then," said I, much to their surprise. "The flavoring and coloring are often mischievous. Keep that in mind. Still I rather you would give candies the go-by along with the peppers and limes, and get your positive sweets and sour from fruits. Let an orange before breakfast be your only between-meal indulgence. When once you have gained an appetite for healthy foods, the idea of food between meals will be actually repugnant to you. And don't you know that your stomach is bound to take hold of food and try to digest it just as soon and just as often as any is offered it? You will feel very different then from head to foot when your stomach is allowed its rightful and regular rests. This precaution alone will help you to a good appetite in time."

MARY J. SAFFORD, M. D.

20. You may be poor ; you may lead lives of struggle ; your occupations may run counter to many of the natural delights of youth ; you may see no relief, no outlook to a tedious and dull routine. Well, bear it all, and bate no jot of heart or hope ; for, in spite of it all, you need never fail.

Be good and do good, and you will have won something better than a fortune or a coronet. To do this may not save you from abuse, or opposition, or earthly loss ; but if this and a thousand other calamities come upon you, you will be at the promontory, at whose base the tide-waves break in vain. Look, I say, at the cross of Christ, and study all that it means, and you will understand the meaning of your life.

CANON FARRAR.

21. Small courtesies sweeten life; the greater ennoble it.

BOVEE.

Courtesy in the mistress of a house consists in feeding conversation, never in usurping it. She is the guardian of this species of sacred fire, but it must be accessible to all.

MME. SWETCHINE.

The innocent and kindly little arts that make some people as useful and beloved as good fairy god-mothers were once upon a time.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Fuller says, that "William, Earl of Nassau, won a subject from the King of Spain, every time he put off his hat.

EMERSON.

22. "Girls are such enthusiasts!" Of course they are, my friend. That's what I like in them — enthusiasm. The sad thing is that it oozes out when they become women.

"Yes, and they always solemnly determine they will do something grand, and then down they come, everyone of 'em to the commonplace!" Well, housekeeping, a mother's cares, teaching, spinning, writing may be common enough, but I do not like to have the best things — the most necessary — called commonplace. It makes them seem trivial. So, I say, girls, carry your enthusiasm into every one of them, no matter if you never rise to distinction.

A. H. R.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus—it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

BULWER.

23. Books give to all who will faithfully use them, the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof, — if Milton will cross my threshold and sing to me of Paradise; and Shakespeare open to me the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom, — I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live. Nothing can supply the place of books.

CHANNING.

24. “To look up and not down;
 To look forward and not back;
 To look out and not in;
 And
 To lend a hand.”

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

You never miss an opportunity of giving innocent pleasure, or helping another soul on the path to God, but you are taking away from yourselves forever what might have been a happy memory, and leaving in its place pain or remorse.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Every individual has a place in the world, and is important in some respect, whether he chooses to be so or not.

HAWTHORNE.

Everybody has a way of living; if you can get into it, everyone is as good as a story.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

25. I confess that the evening talk over the dessert at dinner is much more entertaining and piquant than the morning paper, and often as important. There is no entertainment so full of quiet pleasure as the hearing a lady of culture and refinement relate her day's experience in her daily round of calls, charitable visits, shopping, errands of relief and condolence. I don't mean gossip, by any means, or scandal. A woman of culture skims over that like a bird, never touching it with the tip of a wing. What she brings home is the freshness and brightness of life. She touches everything so daintily, she hits off a character in a sentence, she gives the pith of a dialogue without tediousness, she mimics without vulgarity; her narration sparkles but it doesn't sting. The picture of her day is full of vivacity, and it gives new value and freshness to common things.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

26. "A commonplace life" we say and we sigh,
 Yet why should we sigh as we say?
 The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
 Makes up the commonplace day.
 The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
 And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings,
 Yet dark were the world and sad our lot,
 If the flower failed, or the sun shone not;
 And God who studies each separate soul,
 Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful
 whole.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
 All are needed by each one;
 Nothing is fair or good alone.

EMERSON.

27. Reverence the highest, have patience with the lowest. Let this day's performance of the meanest duty be thy religion. Are the stars too distant, pick up the pebble that lies at thy feet, and from it learn the all.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the first rank of some great battle, and we knew that victory for mankind depended upon our bravery, strength and skill.

THEODORE PARKER.

Faithfulness in little things fits one for heroism when the great trials come.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

28. If you want to know people you must get near them; first get down to their level, and then bring them up to yours, not waiting for any great occasion, or a more direct revelation, but taking advantage of small opportunities, and making your influence felt in quiet, unobtrusive ways.

There is always some one to smile at, somebody to give your chair to, somebody to whom a book, a flower, or even an old paper, will be a boon. These small attentions will open the way to confidence, will make it possible that in need these friends will give you opportunities to help them which, unless you had shown thoughtfulness and regard for them, they could never have done. A quiet, sympathetic look or smile many a time unbars a heart that needs help which you can give.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

29. Ask the labourer in the field, at the forge, or in the mine; ask the patient, delicate-fingered artisan, or the strong-armed, fiery-hearted worker in bronze, and in marble, and with the colours of light; and none of these, who are true workmen, will ever tell you, that they have found the law of heaven an unkind one — that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, till they return to the ground; nor that they ever found it an unrewarded obedience, if, indeed, it was rendered faithfully to the command — “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do — do it with thy might.”

RUSKIN.

30. Every considerate word we utter concerning those about us; every time we give them the benefit of a doubt in our judgment of their motive; every time we take occasion to couple with our demurrer from their position some saving clause of appreciation, we are habituating ourselves to that charity which “suffereth long and is kind.”

Just as you now play a piece without the music and do not think what notes you strike, though once you picked them out by slow and patient toil, so if you begin of set purpose, you will learn the law of kindness in utterance so perfectly, that it will be second nature to you, and make more music in your life than all the songs the sweetest voice has ever sung.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.

BULWER.

Keep thyself simple, good, pure, kind, and affectionate. Make thyself all simplicity.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

31. Why does the moaning of the storm give me pleasure? Methinks because it puts to rout the trivialness of our fair-weather life, and gives it, at least, a tragic interest. The sound has the effect of a pleasing challenge to call forth our energy to resist the invaders of our life's territory. It is as musical and thrilling as the sound of an enemy's bugle. Our spirits revive like lichens in a storm. There is something worth living for when we are resisted, threatened. . . . If it were not for physical cold how should we have discovered the warmth of the affections? I sometimes feel that I need to sit in a far-away cave through a three weeks' storm, cold and wet, to give a tone to my system. The spring has its windy March to usher it in, with many soaking rains reaching into April.

THOREAU.

APRIL.

1. "Oh, keep me innocent; make others great!" Those words were written by Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark, with a diamond, on her window in the castle of Freudsborg; and, could we but live in that spirit, many a one might be saved from such bitter disappointment as makes men well-nigh wish that they had never been born. The jewel of innocence is more than a crown.

CANON FARRAR.

"My children, beware of popularity; it is a delusion and a snare; it puffeth up the heart of man, and especially of woman; it blindeth the eyes to faults; it exalteth unduly the humble powers of the victim; it is apt to be capricious; and just as one gets to liking the taste of this intoxicating draught, it suddenly faileth, and one is left gasping like a fish out of water."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

2. Yes, I believe in ideals. Some of us will owe our success, our worth to them. I would not have Joan of Arc's life-story changed in the least, and I hope historians will never become so critical as to erase her name from the books as they have William Tell's. But I believe this, too, that, among our friends, ideals which grow upon us are far sweeter and more helpful than those recommended by a first glance. I believe that a girl ought to pass quickly through a state of infatuation, blind adoration of a mortal, that she ought to allow some chance for faults, and some room for loving others too, then she will save herself from future disgust and make raillery against the friendships of girls cease.

A. H. R.

3. It comes far easier to scold our friend in an angry moment than to say how much we love, honor, and esteem him in a kindly mood. Wrath and bitterness speak themselves and go with their own force; love is shamefaced, looks shyly out of the window, lingers long at the door latch.

I *hate* is said loud and with all our force. I *love* is said with a hesitating voice and blushing cheek.

In an angry mood we do an injury to a loving heart with good, strong, free emphasis; but we stammer and hang back when our diviner nature tells us to confess and ask pardon. Even when our heart is broken with repentance, we haggle and linger long before we can

Throw away the worser part.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

4. Her air, her smile, her motions, told
Of womanly completeness;
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness.

Not beautiful in curve and line,
But something more and better,
The secret charm eluding art,
Its spirit, not its letter;—

An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance,—
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance.

WHITTIER.

5. It's good to put a bother away over night. It all straightens out in the morning.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

The best thing to take people out of their own worries is to go to work and find out how other folks' worries are getting on.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

It will all come out somehow. It has *got to*, you know. Things always do, they can't *stay* up in arms.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Look on other lives beside your own; see what their troubles are, and how they are borne.

GEORGE ELIOT.

6. One cowslip, though it shows the yellow, is not fairly out, but will be by to-morrow. How they improve their time. Not a moment of sunshine is lost. One thing I may depend on, there has been no idling with the flowers. Nature loses not a moment, takes no vacation. They advance as steadily as a clock. These plants now protected by the water, are just peeping forth. I should not be surprised to find that they drew in their heads in a frosty night.

THOREAU.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.

7. It is just as bad, when you are talking to another girl, or another girl's mother, if you take to watching her hair, or the way she trimmed her frock, instead of watching what she is saying as if that were really what you and she are talking for. I could name to you young women who seem to go into society for the purpose of studying the milliner's business. It is a very good business, and a very proper business to study in the right place. I know some very good girls who would be much improved, and whose husbands would be a great deal happier, if they would study it to more purpose than they do. But do not study it while you are talking. No,—not if the Empress Eugénie herself should be talking to you.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

8. If Christ had to be made perfect by sufferings, much more must we. If he needed to learn obedience by sorrow, much more must we. If he needed, in the days of his flesh, to make supplication to God his Father with strong crying and tears, so do we. And if he was heard in that he feared, so I trust, we shall be heard likewise. If he needed to taste even the most horrible misery of all; to feel for a moment that God had forsaken him; surely we must expect, if we are to be made like him, to have to drink at least one drop out of his bitter cup. It is very wonderful: but yet it is full of hope and comfort, to be able, in our darkest and bitterest sorrow, to look up to heaven and say, "At least there is one who has been through all this."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Sorrow is often misquoted. It is only one step in a long journey, one stage in a long growth. A. S. HARDY.

9. "And the three Marys brought precious spices to anoint our Lord. Take good heed now, my dear sisters : these three Marys denote three bitternesses, as the name signifieth. The first bitterness is remorse and making amends for sin, and this is the first Mary, Mary Magdalene, for she in great bitterness of heart left off her sins and turned to our Lord. The second bitterness is in wrestling and struggling against temptation, and this is that other Mary, the mother of Jacob, which meaneth wrestling. This wrestling is very bitter to many who are well advanced in the way to heaven, for they still waver in temptation. And the third bitterness consists in longing for heaven and weariness of this world, when one is of such piety that his heart is at rest with the war of vice, and is as it were in the gates of heaven, where all worldly things seem bitter to him. And this bitterness is to be understood by the third Mary, Mary Salome, which signifieth peace."

A. S. HARDY.

10. Soeur Marie bent her head over her book as she read. All her thoughts were there. "But now observe here, my dear sisters, how after bitterness cometh sweetness. Bitterness buyeth it, for, as the Gospel saith, these three Marys brought sweet-smelling spices to anoint our Lord. By spices, which are sweet, is to be understood the sweetness of a devout heart. These three Marys buy it, that is, through bitterness we arrive at sweetness. So saith God's dear spouse, I will go to the hill of frankincense by the mountain of myrrh. Observe: which is the way to the sweetness of frankincense? By the myrrh of bitterness."

A. S. HARDY.

11. The best sort of bravery,—the courage to do right.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I cannot reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

O power to do ! O baffled will !

O prayer and action ! ye are one —

Who may not strive, may yet fulfil

The harder task of standing still,

And good but wished with God is done.

WHITTIER.

And having done all, to stand.

Stand, therefore.

ST. PAUL.

12. Oh ! Nature is so modest ! But once set her talking, she will forget your presence, and babble like the brook. How much she has told the poets, and the men of science ! How much she will tell you, too, if you but heed her !

Ah, girls, what slight attention we have, in reality, shown to Nature ! We treat her more like a servant than a friend and companion. The desire for excitement has turned our minds to vainer subjects. The struggles which our elders have made for money and position have deprived them of chances for regarding natural objects. However deplorable this may be, it is a still more lamentable fact, that you, dear girls, give so little heed to Nature,—you who have time and to spare. It lies with you to cultivate this love for the natural world, that future generations may be more mindful of it.

A. H. R.

13. Beauty of achievement, whether in overcoming a hasty temper, a habit of exaggeration, in exploring a continent with Stanley, or guiding well the ship of state with Gladstone, is always fascinating, and whether known in a circle large as the equator or only in the family circle at home, those who are in this fashion beautiful are never desolate, and some one always loves them. Beauty of reputation is a mantle of spotless ermine in which if you are but enwrapped you shall receive the homage of those about you, as real, as ready, and as spontaneous as any ever paid to personal beauty in its most powerful hour. Some sort of reputation you must have, whether you will or no. In school, in church, at home, and in society, you carry ever with you the wings of a good, or the ball and chain of a bad reputation. Resolve to make it beautiful, clean, shining, gracious. FRANCES E. WILLARD.

14. (1.) Read first the one or two great standard works in each department of literature.

(2.) Confine, then, your reading to that department which suits the particular bent of your minds.

1. Before you begin to peruse a book, know something about the author.

2. Read the preface carefully.

3. Take a comprehensive survey of the table of contents.

4. Give your whole attention to whatever you read.

5. Be sure to note the most valuable passages.

6. Write out, in your own language, a summary of the facts you have noted.

7. Apply the results of your reading to your every-day duties. DAVID PRYDE.

15. Observe, only observe! and curiosity will press for you the very secrets out of the woods, the streams, the skies. Look around you! There is such an infinite number of objects to consider right about your own porch-door, — the lichens on the door-stone, the apple-tree shading the path, the striped pebble that you kick aside, the plant pressing up between the boards, the dew shimmering on the weed. Investigate all your surroundings, especially the small, neglected places, and try to have an opinion about what you observe. Do not think of yourselves as living in rooms and houses, but as living in *the* house, the palace of the earth and sky, whose every gallery, corridor and hall, is carpeted with Nature's tapestries of unfading color and deep softness; whose walls are hung with glowing sunsets; and whose roof is lighted with windows of blue sky.

A. H. R.

16. A habit of mistrust is the torment of some people. It taints their love and their friendship. They take up small causes of offence. They expect their friends to show the same aspect to them at all times, which is more than human nature can do. They try experiments to ascertain whether they are sufficiently loved; they watch narrowly the effects of absence, and require their friends to prove to them that the intimacy is exactly upon the same footing as it was before. Some persons acquire these suspicious ways from a natural diffidence in themselves. . . With others, these habits arise from a selfishness which cannot be satisfied. And their endeavors should be to uproot such a disposition, not to soothe it.

ARTHUR HELPS.

17. Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
 Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
 Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
 On the little face below,
 Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
 Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow;
 Falls the light of God's face bending
 Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
 Toss, and cry, and will not rest,
 Are the ones the tender mother
 Holds the closest, loves the best,—
 So when we are weak and wretched,
 By our sins weighed down, distressed,
 Then it is that God's great patience
 Holds us closest, loves us best.

SAXE HOLM.

18. In our whole social intercourse with our fellows — in the family, the home, in society, and in all public work — the power of any individual to do good must depend almost measure for measure on the extent of that individual's power of sympathy,— the wideness and the warmth of his heart. The power of *thinking*, the capacity of his *head*, is but a secondary matter. . . . Never think — you who are young and glorying, perhaps, in the grand new fields of intellectual culture opened before you — that the intellect is nobler than the heart, that knowledge is greater than love. Not so! A thousand times no! . . . It is here, in the faculty of noble, disinterested, unselfish love, that lies the true gift and power of our womanhood.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

19. When I see a ruddy, romping school-girl in her first long dress, beginning to avoid coasting on her double-runner, or afraid of the stone walls in the blueberry-fields, or standing aloof from the game of base-ball, or turning sadly away from the ladder which her brother is climbing to the cherry-tree, or lingering for him to assist her over the gunwale of a boat; when I read of the sinking of steamers at sea, with "nearly all the women and children on board," and the accompanying comments, "Every effort was made to assist the women up the masts and out of danger till help arrived, but *they could not climb*, and we were forced to leave them to their fate"—when I consider these things, I feel that I have ceased to deal with blunders in dress, and have entered the category of crimes.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

20. I do not think I exaggerate the importance or the charms of pedestrianism, or our need as a people to cultivate the art. I think it would tend to soften the national manners, to teach us the meaning of leisure, to acquaint us with the charms of the open air, to strengthen and foster the tie between the race and the land. . . . The roads and paths you have walked along in summer and winter weather, the fields and hills which you have looked upon in lightness and gladness of heart, when fresh thoughts have come into your mind, or some noble prospect has opened before you, and especially the quiet ways where you have walked in sweet converse with your friend, pausing under the trees, drinking at the spring—henceforth they are not the same; a new charm is added; those thoughts spring there perennial, your friend walks there forever.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

21. It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world, that no man can be great unless he gives up thinking much about pleasure or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful.

And so, my Lillo, if you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it.

GEORGE ELIOT.

22. "Perfectly true, perfectly right," said I. "Every word good as gold. Truth before all things; sincerity before all things: pure, clear, diamond-bright sincerity is of more value than the gold of Ophir; the foundation of all love must rest here. . . . If I once know that my wife or my friend will tell me only what she thinks will be agreeable to me, then I am at once lost, my way is a pathless quicksand. But all this being promised, I still say that we Anglo-Saxons might improve our domestic life, if we would graft upon the strong stock of its homely sincerity the courteous graces of the French character."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

23. Girls and boys have too slight an appreciation of manual labor. In most ways, work with the hands is more necessary than mental labor. God made man work in a garden before he gave him power to write books or keep accounts. Fine white hands are very pretty when they belong to a lady; but sunburnt, muscular ones are beautiful too, in a vineyard.

May I warn you not to despise the small amount of work you can accomplish, as compared with what others are able to do? Let me remind you, too, that it is not so much what we get in money, buildings, knowledge, reputation, influence, by means of work, as what labor does for ourselves, our characters that is valuable to us. Carlyle expressed the idea in a very short sentence, "Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom." A. H. R.

24. This intense tenderness, this yearning over everything human, with a pity and love inexpressible, made the very impulse and essence of her being. Surely in this she was Christlike. Our Saviour wept over Jerusalem. How many tears did she, his disciple, shed for sorrowing humanity, for suffering womanhood. Nor were tears all she gave. The deepest longing of her life was to see human nature lifted from sin to holiness, from misery to happiness; every thought that she uttered, every deed she did, she prayed might help toward this end. To help somebody, no matter how lowly, to comfort the afflicted, to lift up the fallen, to share every blessing of her life with others, to live (even under the stress of pain and struggle) a life pure large, in itself an inspiration — this, and more, was Alice Cary.

MARY CLEMMER.

25. Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a moment, quietly, its narrow, sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Think of it well, and judge whether, of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food, there be any by God more highly graced, by man more deeply loved, than that narrow point of feeble green. Consider what we owe to the meadow grass, to the covering of the ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft and countless and peaceful spears.

RUSKIN.

26. And now, I will give you one lesson to carry home with you — a lesson which if we all could really believe and obey, the world would begin to mend from to-morrow, and every other good work on earth would prosper and multiply tenfold, a hundredfold — ay, beyond all our fairest dreams. And my lesson is this. When you go out from this church into the crowded streets, remember there is not a soul in them who is not as precious in God's eyes as you are; not a little dirty ragged child whom Jesus, were he again on earth, would not take up in his arms and bless, not a publican or a harlot with whom, if they but asked him, he would not eat and drink. . . . Therefore do to all who are in want of your help as Jesus would do to them if he were here; as Jesus is doing to them already; for he is here among us now, and forever seeking and saving that which was lost; and all we have to do is to believe that, and work on, sure that he is working at our head, and that though we cannot see him, he sees us.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

27. Every evening it was a fresh excitement to watch the lighting of the lamps, and think how far the lighthouse sent its rays, and how many hearts it gladdened with assurance of safety. As I grew older, I was allowed to kindle the lamps sometimes myself. That was indeed a pleasure. So little a creature as I might do that much for the great world! We waited for the spring with an eager longing; the advent of the growing grass, the birds and flowers and insect life, the soft skies and softer winds the everlasting beauty of the thousand tender tints that clothed the world,— these things brought us unspeakable bliss. To the heart of Nature one must needs be drawn in such a life; and very soon I learned how richly she repays in deep refreshment the reverent love of her worshipper.

CELIA THAXTER.

28. You should be careful not to intrust another unnecessarily with a secret which it may be a hard matter for him to keep, and which may expose him to somebody's displeasure, when it is hereafter discovered that he was the object of your confidence. Your desire for aid, or for sympathy, is not to be indulged by dragging other people into your misfortunes.

There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets, as in keeping those of your neighbor.

ARTHUR HELPS.

Avoid having many confidants. Avoid absorbing and exclusive friendships. They are not wise; they are selfish, and not of the nature of true friendship. They commonly breed trouble, and end in quarrel and heart break.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

29. The foul toad hath a fair stone in his head; the fine gold is found in the filthy earth; the sweet kernel lyeth in the hard shell; virtue is harbored in the heart of him that most men esteem misshapen. If we respect more the outward shape than the inward habit, into how many mischiefs do we fall, into what blindness are we led! Do we not commonly see that in painted pots is hidden the deadliest poison, that in the greenest grass is the greatest serpent? How frantic are those lovers who are carried away with the gay glistening of the fine face, the beauty whereof is parched with the summer's blaze, and chipped with the winter's blast, which is of so short continuance that it fadeth before one perceives it flourisheth.

LYLY'S "EUPHUES."

30. Patience, accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven.

LONGFELLOW.

MAY.

1. The clear pure light of the morning made me long for the truth in my heart, which alone could make me pure and clear as the morning, tune me up to the concert-pitch of the nature around me. And the wind that blew from the sunrise made me hope in the God who had first breathed into my nostrils the breath of life ; that He would at length so fill me with His breath, His mind, His spirit, that I should think only His thoughts, and live His life, finding therein my own life, only glorified infinitely.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The face of Nature is the face of God, and must bear expressions that can influence, though unconsciously to them, the most ignorant and hopeless of His children.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

2. Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh, it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest ;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest !

LONGFELLOW.

God's hand is on thee, O my child ; God's grace
Go with thee —

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

3. I stand in the sunny noon of life. Objects no longer glitter in the dews of morning, neither are yet softened by the shadows of evening. Every spot is seen, every chasm revealed. Climbing the dusty hill, some fair effigies that once stood for human destiny have been broken. Yet enough is left to point distinctly to the glories of that destiny.

Always the soul says to us all, "Cherish your best hopes as a faith, and abide by them in action. . . . Such shall be the effectual, fervent means to their fulfilment."

MARGARET FULLER.

4. A woman has a personal work and duty, relating to her own home, and a public work and duty, which is also the expansion of that. The woman's work for her own home is to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness. The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the state. What the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty; that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, and loveliness more rare.

RUSKIN.

O birds through the heaven that soar
With such tumult of jubilant song!
The shadows are flying before
For the rapture of life is strong.

And my spirit leaps to the light
On the wings of its hope new born,
And I follow your radiant flight
Through the golden halls of morn!

CELIA THAXTER.

5. Yon bells in the steeples, ring, ring out your
 changes,
 However so many they be,
 And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
 Come over, come over to me.

.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
 Nor long summer bide so late ;
 And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
 For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
 While dear hands are laid on my head ;
 " The child is a woman, the book may close over,
 For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
 Not one, as he sits on the tree ;
 The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it !
 Such as I wish it to be. JEAN INGELow.

6. This, then, is the sum of all. Circumstances are not in our power ; virtues are. It is not in our power to avert the bitter failure which the earth may inflict ; it *is* in our power to win the high success which God bestows. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger ; but they that seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing ; certainly, which is eternally, infinitely good. No man is a failure who is faithful and upright ; no cause is a failure which is just and true.

There is but one failure ; and that is, not to be true to the best one knows. To us and to our race, there is but one failure, and that is sin. CANON FARRAR.

7. "Nothin' like green grass and woodsy smells to right folks up. When I was a gal, if I got riled in my temper or low in my mind, I just went out and grubbed in the garden, or made hay, or walked a good piece, and it fetched me round beautiful. Never failed ; so I came to see that good fresh dirt is fust-rate physic for folks' spirits as it is for mounds, as they tell on."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Take Nature for your friend and teacher. You love and feel near to her already ; you will find her always just and genial, patient and wise. Watch the harmonious laws that rule her ; imitate her industry, her sweet sanity ; and soon I think you will find that this benignant mother will take you in her arms and show you God.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

8. The loom of life turns out many different fabrics. Is the beauty that you seek the gossamer of a day or the royal purple of a century ? Beauty of manner, tender considerateness, reverence, and equipoise will make it impossible for you ever to be desolate, and will insure your always being loved. No physical defect, however irremediable, bars you from this choicest of all exterior attractions. Beauty of utterance has a fadeless charm ; opens all hearts whose key it is worth while to wish for ; and makes those once obscure, the favorites of fortune, the heroes of society, the peers of kings. Burns was a Highland peasant, but the magic of his song made him the idol of a nation ; and winsomeness of speech will always win whether upon the world's great stage or in the more sheltered home life.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

9. The one thing a girl owes to the world, to herself, to her Maker, is a reverence for her own sex. Girls, I repeat, you cannot sufficiently realize your obligations to your own kind. Because you are girls, and not boys, women and not men, oh, try to be loyal to girls and women ! Pay homage to womankind ; adorn it, place sacrifices upon its altars, rejoice in unceasing service to it, exalt it by every worthy endeavor ! What can be more beautiful than womanliness ! The next time you see the Sistine Madonna, look behind all the mother in the lovely face for the woman in it. Then see if you do not remark the same in Raphael's St. Cecilia, and in the Venus de Milo. Wherever masters have succeeded in painting the Virgin, notice, aside from the holy look — if it is aside from that — the womanly look.

A. H. R.

10. Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
 The careful ways of duty ;
 Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
 Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
 Our door-yards brighter blooming,
 And all about the social air
 Is sweeter for her coming.

.

And never tenderer hand than hers
 Unknits the brow of ailing ;
 Her garments to the sick man's ear
 Have music in their trailing.

WHITTIER.

11. The instinct of self-control, of gentleness, of consideration and forethought and quick sympathy, which go to make up what we call good breeding; the absence of noise and hurry, the thousand and one little ways by which we can please people, or avoid displeasing them,— are all taught us by our own hearts. Good manners are the fine flower of civilization. And everybody can have them. I always say that one of the best-bred men of my acquaintance is Mr. Jarvis, the mason. I have known him come up out of a cistern to speak to me, dressed in overalls and a flannel shirt; and his bow and his manner and the politeness of his address would have done credit to any gentleman in the world.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

12. That happy union of frankness and reserve which is to be desired comes not by studying rules, either for candor or for caution. It results chiefly from an uprightness of purpose, enlightened by a profound and delicate care for the feelings of others. This will go very far in teaching us what to confide, and what to conceal, in our own affairs; what to repeat, and what to suppress, in those of other people. The stone in which nothing is seen, and the polished metal which reflects all things, are both alike hard and insensible.

ARTHUR HELPS.

Cultivate the friendly spirit. If one would have friends he must be worthy of them. Make friends early in life. Hold fast to your friends. It is one of the commonest regrets in after life that early friendships were not kept up. Make a point of having friends amongst your elders. Friendship between those of the same age is sweeter, but friendship with elders is more useful, or, rather, they supplement each other.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

15. All common things, each day's events,
 That with the hour begin and end,
 Our pleasures and our discontents,
 Are rounds by which we may ascend.

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
 But we have feet to scale and climb,
 By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The cloudy summits of our time.

LONGFELLOW.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless. RUSKIN.

16. I envy the good fortune of all walkers, and feel like joining myself to every tramp that comes along. I am jealous of the clergyman I read about the other day who footed it from Edinburgh to London, as poor Effie Deans did, carrying her shoes in her hand most of the way, and over the ground that rugged Ben Jonson strode, larking it to Scotland, so long ago. . . . It would have been a good draught of the rugged cup to have walked with Wilson the ornithologist, deserted by his companions, from Niagara to Philadelphia through the snows of winter. I almost wish that I had been born to the career of a German mechanic, that I might have had that delicious adventurous year of wandering over my country before I settled down to work. . . . JOHN BURROUGHS.

17. O, the blossoms ! All the world's a paradise now. It is high carnival out in the orchard, yes, and down among the meadow grasses too. The birds are the gladdest spectators, but the robins are the gayest of them all. Just think of a home all shielded and perfumed, all built and closed in with apple-blossoms ! And right in the midst of it, tuning his notes in harmony with the fluttering pink and white petals, sits a young robin boldly beseeching his newly found neighbor, who lives in sweet expectancy just over the branch : —

“Come to my nest o’ down,
Lady-bird o’ mine,
Come in your russet gown —
Don’t you be too fine !” A. H. R.

18. In the first place, then, let us watch our course when we are entertaining strangers whose good opinion we wish to propitiate. We dress ourselves with care, we study what it will be agreeable to say, we do not suffer our natural laziness to prevent our being very alert in paying small attentions, we start across the room for an easier chair, we stoop to pick up the fan, we search for the mislaid newspaper, and all this for persons in whom we have no particular interest beyond the passing hour ; while with those friends whom we love and respect we too often sit in our old faded habiliments, and let them get their own chair, and look up their own newspaper, and fight their own way daily, without any of this preventing care.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone, or despise.

LOWELL.

19. Over the hedge I leaned one day
To see my darling as she lay
On the May grass, — it was not fair,
I know, in me to see her there.

The smile could only just get through
The mouth which she together drew,
That tender secret to repress
Which tells itself by silentness.

She did not raise her eyes above
The hedge, to chide my look of love,
Such fancies did about her close,
Like sunbeams feeding on a rose.

My passion to sad verse I set,
(I had not got my beard as yet.)
And she my worship did not wrong, —
The hedge was not between us long.

"Mona Fifteen."

ALICE CARY.

20. Do not waste a minute, not a second, in trying to demonstrate to others the merit of your own performance. If your work does not vindicate itself, you cannot vindicate it, but you can labor steadily on to something which needs no advocate but itself. . . . Toughen yourself a little and accomplish something better. Inscribe above your desk the words of Rivarol, "Genius is only great patience." It was Keats, the most precocious of all great poets, who declared that "nothing is finer for purposes of production than a very gradual ripening of the intellectual powers."

T. W. HIGGINSON.

21. All honor and reverence to the divine beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children, — in our gardens and in our houses. But let us love that other beauty too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house, those rounded backs and stupid weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world, — those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions.

GEORGE ELIOT.

22. If you have any trouble which seems intolerable, pray. . . . These implacable demons turn to smiling angels when we cast our care on God, and surrender our will to His will.

JAMES F. CLARKE.

To Him nothing is insignificant which moves the hearts of His children.

JAMES F. CLARKE.

Let no man call himself a Christian who lives without giving a part of his life to this duty. . . . Let our prayers, like the ancient sacrifices, ascend morning and evening. Let our days begin and end with God.

CHANNING.

“Do my best all round: keep good company, read good books, love good things, and cultivate soul and body as faithfully and wisely as I can.”

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

23. Do not expect to escape criticism, girls. If you should go to dwell in the midst of a desert or to take up your abode on the top of a lonely mountain, some one would follow and pass judgment on the shape of your hat or the shape of your conduct. So try to accept honest criticism when it is given you openly, face to face ; but scorn with silent derision the cowardly thing that crawls up over the wall and tries to bite you in the back.

A. H. R.

24. For thee the sun shines and the earth rejoices
In fragrance, music, light ;
The spring-time wooes thee with a thousand voices,
For thee her flowers are bright ;

Youth crowns thee, and love waits upon thy
splendor,
Trembling beneath thine eyes ;
The morning sky is yet serene and tender,
Thy life before thee lies.

CELIA THAXTER.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth. LONGFELLOW.

25. Knitting at her mother's door,
 Underneath a sycamore,
 That did long, white arms extend
 Round about her, like a friend,
 Saw I maiden Mona next.
 She was now become the text
 Of my dreams, my thoughts, my life, —
 Would she, could she be my wife?

Rows of pinks on either side,
 With their red mouths open wide,
 And the quail, with tawny breast
 Swelling out above her nest,
 And the lily's speckled head
 Shining o'er the spearmint bed;
 All were fair, but more than fair
 Maiden Mona, knitting there.

26. Round her eyes the hair fell down, —
 Sunshine on a leafy brown, —
 And her simple rustic dress
 Witch'd my worldly eyes, I guess.

.

Something sacred did divide her
 From me, when I stood beside her:
 I was born to house and land, —
 She had but her heart and hand, —
 Yet she seemed so high above
 The aspiring of my love,
 That I stood in bashful shame,
 Trembling just to speak her name.

"*Mona Knitting.*"

ALICE CARY.

27. Where Cinderella dropped her shoe,
'Tis said in fairy tales of yore,
'Twas first the lady's slipper grew,
And there its rosy blossom bore.

And ever since in woodlands grey,
It marks where spring retreating flew,
Where speeding on her eager way,
She left behind her dainty shoe.

ELAINE GOODALE.

28. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*, nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again; and marked so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory.

RUSKIN.

One is sometimes asked by young people to recommend a course of reading. My advice would be that they should confine themselves to the supreme books in whatever literature, or, still better, to choose some one great author, and make themselves thoroughly familiar with him. For as all roads lead to Rome, so do they likewise lead away from it; and you will find that, in order to understand perfectly and weigh exactly any vital piece of literature, you will be gradually and pleasantly persuaded to excursions and explorations of which you little dreamed when you began, and will find yourselves scholars before you are aware.

LOWELL.

The true university of these days is a collection of books.

CARLYLE.

29. To examine its evidence is not to try Christianity; to admire its martyrs is not to try Christianity; to compare and estimate its teachers is not to try Christianity; to attend its rites and services with more than Mahometan punctuality is not to try or know Christianity. But for one week, for one day, to have lived in the pure atmosphere of faith and love to God, of tenderness to man; to have beheld earth annihilated, and heaven opened to the prophetic gaze of hope; to have seen evermore revealed behind the complicated troubles of this strange, mysterious life, the unchanged smile of an eternal Friend, and everything that is difficult to reason solved by that reposing trust which is higher and better than reason, — to have known and felt this, I will not say for a *life*, but for a single blessed hour, *that*, indeed, is to have made experiment of Christianity.

WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER.

30. All her life Madame Roland had loved this people, even with the love of a mother for her first born. All her life she had been ready to shed her blood for it, in the conviction that a new generation would arise which should live to enjoy the freedom for which she was content to perish. That conviction made her passage to the scaffold a triumphal path, and invested her, as she stood in the death-cart, with a splendor as of victory. Like “a Star above the Storm” the beautiful woman, serenely radiant, in pure white raiment, with long dark locks falling in clusters to her girdle, passed through the streets of the blood-stained city, an embodiment of all that was highest and purest in the Revolution whose star was now quenched in the weltering storm.

MATHILDE BLIND.

31. I suppose that eye and touch and feeling are all educated, by the commonest teasing little everyday things; the trying to fit things and lay them straight; the making of beds; the setting of tables.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

If Rose had ever felt that the gift of living for others was a poor one, she saw now how beautiful and blest it was, — how rich the returns, how wide the influence, how much more precious the tender tie which knit so many hearts together, than any breath of fame, or brilliant talent, that dazzled, but did not win and warm.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Companions sweet,
Why do you weep,
And where is cause for sorrow?
"Alas, the May
Goes out to-day; —"
But June comes in to-morrow!

ELAINE GOODALE.

JUNE.

1. Hark, how sweet the thrushes sing!

Hark, how clear the robins call!

Chorus of the happy spring,

Summer's madrigal!

Flood the world with joy and cheer,

O ye birds, and pour your song

Till the farthest distance hear

Notes so glad and strong!

Storm the earth with odors sweet,

O ye flowers, that blaze in light!

Crowd about June's shining feet,

All ye blossoms bright.

Shout, ye waters, to the sun!

Back are winter's fetters hurled;

Summer's glory is begun;

Beauty holds the world!

CELIA THAXTER.

2. This is the true nature of home — it is the place of peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. . . . So far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,— so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea; — so far it vindicates the same, and fulfils the praise, of home.

RUSKIN.

3. I do not ask you to be anything but a glad, sunny woman. I would have no counsels of mine recommended by long faces and formal behavior. I would have you so at peace with Heaven, with the world and with yourself, that tears shall flow only at the call of sympathy. I would have you immaculate as light, devoted to all good deeds, industrious, intelligent, patient, heroic. And crowning every grace of person and mind, every accomplishment, every noble sentiment, every womanly faculty, every delicate instinct, every true impulse, I would see religion upon your brow, the coronet by token of which God makes you a princess in his family, and an heir to the brightest glories, the sweetest pleasures, the noblest privileges, and the highest honors of his kingdom. TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

4. Oh, do not think it necessary to behold Nature in her great stretches of sublimity in order to appreciate her. You will come to know her far more easily, and much more helpfully, in a little woodside walk, or right here underneath these branches, than you will in Niagara Falls, or in looking at her in the great ocean. We should remember, too, that not only the glow of autumn and the flush of summer are beautiful, but that every season, every climate, every aspect in the shifting panorama of Nature, has real beauty. Our own region, be it arid with parching suns, or wet with frequent rains; be it always winter there, or always summer, is full of charm. A. H. R.

"For one year," said Ramona, "I should lie and look up at the sky, my Allessandro, and do nothing else. It hardly seems as if it would be a sin to do nothing for a year, if one gazed steadily at the sky all the while."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

5. And we can have this deepest life by beginning to live for God. Curb your passions. Begin from this moment to listen to the inward voice. Consecrate your heart. Meditate upon the Infinite as the holiest and best, set forth in the stars not so clearly as in the heart of Christ. Education is no more certain to bring knowledge than the humble obedience to these conditions is sure to bring the diviner life. The best things are sure. Toil may not bring money. Carefulness may not protect health. Study may not banish error. The utmost art cannot keep off the final sickness and the call of death. But the Divine life is possible to every one of us. "God may be had for the asking."

T. STARR KING.

6. Her language is so sweet and fit
 You never have enough of it.
 If she smiles, the house is bright
 Without any candle-light.
 Whether that her hair is rolled
 Round an ivory comb, or gold,
 Pinned or no, I cannot tell,
 In itself it shines so well.
 Whether she doth wear her coat
 Loose, or buttoned to the throat,
 Hems or ruffles, plain or gay,
 Seems to me the sweetest way.
-
- By her innocence she awes
 Evil from her; through love's laws,
 That so bind us like a cord,
 Each to all, she seeks the Lord.

Mona Perfect.

ALICE CARY.

7. What gigantic plans we scheme, and how little we advance in the labor of a day! If there is one lesson which experience teaches, surely it is this, to make plans that are strictly limited, and to arrange our work in a practicable way within the limits which we must accept. Others expect so much from us that it seems as if we had accomplished nothing. "What! have you done only that?" they say, or we know by their looks that they are thinking it.

HAMERTON.

'Tis but beating one's wings against the invisible to seek to know even to-morrow.

WILLIAM BLACK.

8. The illuminated hours of life are few; but those of our first youth have a piercing splendor which neither earlier nor later experience can by any chance absorb. Avis was perhaps sixteen, when one of these phosphorescent hours flashed upon her. . . . She was down in her father's apple-orchard, where the low, outskirting branches yield the outlook to the sea. The stalks of the young corn turned their edges in profile towards the sun; and the short silk hung like the hair of babies, tangled and falling. In the meadow the long grass rioted; and black and brown and yellow bees made love to crimson clovers. How they blushed! She should think they would. They were too lavish of their honey, those buxom clovers, like an untaught country lassie with a kiss. But the daisies that skirted the old gray stone walls,—the slim white daisies with the golden hearts,—looked to the young girl's fancy like the virgins in the Bible story, carrying each a burning lamp.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

9. Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it ;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green.

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay.

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

LOWELL.

10. But what instruction the baby brings to the mother !
She learns patience, self-control, endurance. She learns
to understand character, too, by dealing with the little
ones, . . . and to have loved them is a liberal educa-
tion.

For the height of heights is love. The philosopher
dries into a skeleton like that he investigates, unless love
teaches him. He is blind among his microscopes, unless
he sees in the humblest human soul a revelation that
dwarfs all the work beside. While he grows gray in igno-
rance among his crucibles, every girlish mother is being
illuminated by every kiss of her child. That house is so
far sacred, which holds within its walls this new-born heir
of eternity.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

Blessed is the woman who exalts.

BULWER.

11. It is more needful that I should have a fibre of sympathy connecting me with that vulgar citizen who weighs out my sugar in a vilely assorted cravat and waist-coat, than with the handsomest rascal in red scarf and green feathers ; — more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, or in the clergyman of my own parish, who is perhaps rather too corpulent, and in other respects is not an Oberlin or a Tillotson, than at the deeds of heroes whom I shall never know except by hearsay, or at the sublimest abstract of all clerical graces that was ever conceived by an able novelist.

GEORGE ELIOT.

12. Don't try, girls, to get along without God, for He will not go on without you. You may fancy yourselves quite independent of the Hereafter and think you belong to just the things of earth. But you cannot really believe that ! “ Of course, no one is an atheist,” said a lovely old lady to me. “ He may fancy he is ; but just think how lonesome he would be.”

A. H. R.

Go to God with all your little cares, and hopes, and sins, and sorrows, as freely and confidingly as you come to your mother.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

“ Fate ! ” cried Rienzi ; “ there is no fate ! Between the thought and the success, God is the only agent.”

BULWER.

Contentment abides with truth. And you will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than what you are, whether it be richer or greater or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.

ARTHUR HELPS.

13. Shall we not love knowledge, and use it to find out truth; and place unspoken fidelity to conscience foremost amongst our duties; and care for the progress of our race rather than for our own fame; shall we not be truthful, and honest, and upright, and, to this end, brave—in public as in private life, and shall we not seek so to bear ourselves that men shall shrink from owning their ignobler thoughts and baser shifts to us, but shall never fear to avow high aims and pure deeds, while yet we retain our womanly kindness and all our domestic virtues unchanged? All this we may know that we can be and do, if we will, for we have seen it exemplified in the life of Harriet Martineau.

MRS. F. FENWICK MILLER.

14. . . . Let any clever woman simply take it to heart to make everybody about her *as happy as she can*, and the result I believe will always be wonderful. . . . Let her try not so much to make her rooms splendid and æsthetically admirable as to make them thoroughly habitable and comfortable for those who are to occupy them.

. . . A drawing-room bright and clean, sweet with flowers in summer or with dried leaves in winter, with tables at which the inmates may occupy themselves, and easy chairs wherever they are wanted, and plenty of soft light and warmth, or else of coolness adapted to the weather,—this sort of room belongs more properly to a woman who seeks to make her house a province of the Kingdom of *Heaven* than one which might be exhibited at South Kensington as having belonged to the Kingdom of *Queen Anne*.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

15. Reputation, after all, is but the shadow cast by character; beauty, in this best and highest sense, commands all forces worth the having, in all worlds. Every form of attractiveness confesses the primacy of this. Beauty of character includes every good of which a human heart can know and makes the woman who possesses it a princess in Israel, whose home is everybody's heart, and whose Heaven is everywhere. The duller eyes may reflect this beauty; the palest cheek bloom with it; the most unclassic lips may be enwreathed with its smile of ineffable good will and heavenly joy. For beauty of character comes only from loving obedience to every known law of God in nature and in grace. Lovingly to learn and dutifully to obey these laws of our beneficent Father is to live.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

16. O, yes, girls, it's very sweet to recall such women as Alice and Phœbe Cary, Helen Hunt, Mrs. Browning, and Jean Ingelow who expressed in words such beautiful thoughts as could arise only from beautiful souls; but it is dearer yet to us to remember that women uncounted are living those thoughts by daily acts. Learn to lift the cover from the casket of a woman's soul and you shall see jewels that never yet have been exposed to the glance of one who looks for them in sparkling eyes, in glowing cheeks, and radiant hair.

When you have learned to look for inner beauty you will learn to make it your own. Behind your lovely faces and your beautiful forms there will be nourished the loftiest ideal womanhood, which will make you not only comprehend the worth of another, but will help you to interpret all that is best and loveliest everywhere. A. H. R.

17. I wonder what the Clover thinks! —
Intimate friend of Bob-o-link's.

.

Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by rills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,
Oh, half its sweet cannot be said.

SAXE HOLM.

18. The two arts of letter-writing and conversation, invaluable both as instruments of pleasure and of culture, seem to be dying out before the encroachment of innumerable trifles, absorbing amusements, tyrannical egotisms, and that pernicious flood of ephemeral literature, whose varieties are daily spawned upon all tables. The long, careful letters, full of thought, full of true personal interest and earnest general sentiment, so common two or three generations ago, are all but unknown now. There is no time left for them.

W. R. ALGER.

Tight lacing is not only a hideous stupidity, it is a crime, — a crime that casts a heavy burden upon the next generation, and renders the present one incapable of its duties.

MISS OAKEY.

The prevailing fashion of using tight and high-heeled boots and shoes cannot be too strongly condemned as both hurtful and ugly. High heels throw the weight of the body forwards, and force the foot down on to the toes. This will in time not only crush all shape out of the toes, causing tender feet, corns, bunions, distorted joints, and in-growing nails, but makes the natural gait stiff and ungainly.

PHYSIOLOGY.

19. It is good for us to think that no grace or blessing is truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

No task was too hard or humble; no day long enough to do all she longed to do; and no sacrifice would have seemed too great for those whom she regarded with steadily increasing love and gratitude.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

20. Frank-hearted hostess of the field and wood,
 Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading tree,
 June is the pearl of our New England year.
 Still a surprisal, though expected long,
 Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,
 Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back
 Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,
 With one great gush of blossom storms the world.
 A week ago the sparrow was divine :
 The bluebird, shifting his light load of song
 From post to post along the cheerless fence,
 Was as a rhymer ere the poet came ;
 But now, O rapture ! sunshine winged and voiced,
 Pipe blown through by the warm wild wind of the
 west
 Shepherding his soft doves of fleecy clouds,
 Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,
 The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
 Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
 Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
 Save June ! Dear June ! Now God be praised for
 June. LOWELL.

21. What worthy pursuit can you not, by excellence, raise into honor and esteem? Matilda of Normandy embroidered, in the quiet of her castle, stitch by stitch, and day after day, the battle of Hastings, at which the Conqueror won. When that great mingling of Normans and Saxons proved to be the important and the last step in the making of England, men looked back to the battle which decided the Norman Conquest, and, lacking needed information from chronicles, turned to the work of Matilda. There, on the Bayeux tapestry, was wrought the battle scene they required,—a piece of woman's work. It was a peasant girl, you know, who brought victory to France in the Hundred Years' War between that country and England.

A. H. R.

22. O *Fortunate*, O happy day,
 When a new household finds its place
 Among the myriad homes of earth,
 Like a new star just sprung to birth,
 And rolled on its harmonious way
 Into the boundless realms of space !

.

For two alone, there in the hall,
 Is spread the table round and small ;
 Upon the polished silver shine
 The evening lamps, but, more divine,
 The light of love shines over all ;
 Of love, that says not mine and thine,
 But ours, for ours is thine and mine.

LONGFELLOW.

23. Out-door habits depend upon the personal tastes of the individual, and are best cultivated by educating these. If a young girl is born and bred with a love of any branch of natural history or of horticulture, happy is she; for the mere unconscious interest of the pursuit is an added lease of life to her. It is the same with all branches of Art whose pursuit leads into the open air. Rosa Bonheur, with her wanderings among mountains and pastures, alternating with the vigorous work of the studio, needed no other appliances for health. The same advantages come to many, in the bracing habits of household labor.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

24. A young woman who is afraid of compromising her position by recognizing men out of her set, or out of a certain line of genteel occupations, shows by how frail a tenure she holds her own respectability. I could name to you women who have not only a recognized but a commanding position in the best society, who are as uniformly and systematically polite to the clerk who sells them silks, as to the pets of their circle; who have a bow and a smile for all with whom they have ever been thrown into personal relations, and who, by this very politeness vindicate their place among those whom society calls ladies.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

In the meantime Helen is at Clifton, where Horace Evarts has also gone, and Mrs. Long wrote that they all thought it would soon be an engagement. I wish people wouldn't speculate in this horrid way, settling a girl's life before she knows herself in the least what she really wants or needs; but they will, I suppose, to the end of time.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

25. Observe the humblest flower that grows, and first you may notice only its color, or form, or fragrance. Observe more closely, handle it, and you are made a little thoughtful, because, all unconsciously to yourself, it may be, the flower is doing something to your mind and heart and soul. Perhaps its velvety softness and its lowliness speak to you of humility and gentleness; or perhaps its fragrance breathes sweetness into your life and feeling,—only a little, to be sure, but that little means something. The spirit of the flower speaks to your spirit; and you wonder what relation it bears to you, and if you are not both connected with the spirit of God. A. H. R.

26. Regard not much who is for thee, or who against thee: but give all thy thought and care to this, that God be with thee in everything thou doest.

Have a good conscience, and God will defend thee.

For whom God will help, no malice of man shall be able to hurt.

If thou canst be silent and suffer, without doubt thou shalt see that the Lord will help thee.

By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthly, namely, by Simplicity and Purity.

If thou intend and seek nothing else but the will of God and the good of thy neighbor, thou shalt thoroughly enjoy inward liberty.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

He liveth long who liveth well;

All else is life but flung away;

He liveth longest who can tell

Of true things truly done each day.

H. BONAR.

27. What a suffocating feeling it is, leaving school *for ever*—a period, an era completely passed and left behind! One feels that childhood is over now, and a sense of tenfold increased responsibility and independence, so to speak, is a weight upon the spirit One's future education and formation of character, whether for good or evil, depends now upon one's self. Many a power of mind must be exercised, which, as yet, has had little opportunity to try its flight; judgment and discretion and a thousand things are needful; one must think and act far more for oneself; self-denial must be learnt; oh! so much has to be done! One's spirit is a precious diamond; the rougher cutting work has been done by other hands, now one must undertake the further beautifying oneself.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

28. He serves all who dares to be true.

EMERSON.

Those love truth best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

Sincerity is impossible, unless it pervade the whole being, and the pretence of it saps the very foundation of character.

She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity as moveless as the centre;
So that no influence of earth can stir
Her steadfast courage, nor can take away
The holy perfectness, which, night and day,
Unto her queenly soul doth minister. LOWELL.

29. Small talk is like small change, good to buy light commodities. It serves to scatter smiling favors, pretty jests, merry words, and wins a way into the good graces of our acquaintances. It fills many an hour that otherwise would be moody and, loans a sense of cheerfulness and sportiveness to girls especially. Even nonsense is at times convenient and in place, and girls can no more help falling into it than birds can help singing when the sun shines. It is really sad when a girl becomes so ultra proper that she always talks the strongest sense. But remember, girls, small talk must not be deliberate fault-finding, nor unjust criticism, nor that kind of gossip which creates a love for scandal and only adds evil to evil. And bear in mind, too, that the gold of real conversation is not to be preferred to, nor exchanged for, the tinsel of chatter.

A. H. R.

30. I verily believe that any young lady who would employ some of her leisure time in collecting wild flowers, carefully examining them, verifying them, and arranging them; or who would in her summer trip to the sea-coast do the same by the common objects of the shore, instead of wasting her holiday, as one sees hundreds doing, in lounging on benches and criticising dresses — that such a young lady, I say, would not only open her own mind to a world of wonder, beauty, and wisdom, but would save herself from the habit of gossip; because she would have things to think of and not merely persons; facts instead of fancies; while she would acquire something of accuracy, of patience, of methodical observation and judgment, which would stand her in good stead in the events of daily life.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

JULY.

1. I would help the youngest of you to remember what noble Margaret Fuller said: "No woman can give her hand with dignity, or her heart with loyalty, until she has learned *how to stand alone*." It is not so much *what comes to you* as *what you come to*, that determines whether you are a winner in the great race of life. Never forget that the only indestructible material in destiny's fierce crucible is *character*. Say this, not to another — say it to yourself; utter it early, and repeat it often: *Fail me not thou*.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

2. The cares and worries of housekeeping are not repugnant to me. With a lively taste for the acquisition of knowledge, I yet feel that I could pass the remainder of my life without opening a book or being bored by not doing so. Let only the home I live in be embellished by order, peace, and harmony; let me only feel that I have helped towards making it so, and be able to tell myself at the close of each day that it has been usefully spent for the good of a few, — and I shall value existence and daily bless the rising of the sun.

MADAME ROLAND.

Truly, from the smallest Little Peddington that carries on, year by year, its bloodless wars, its harmless scandals, its daily chronicle of interminable nothings, to the great metropolitan world, fashionable, intellectual, noble, or royal, the blight of civilized life is gossip.

MISS MULOCK.

The worst is never true of anybody.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

3. Not unfrequently the most important years of a life, the years which tell most on the character, are unmarked by any notable events. A steady, orderly routine, a gradual progression, perseverance in hard work, often do more to educate and form than a varied and eventful life.

EDNA LYALL.

Look at a cathedral from without, and the windows are all dull and discolored and meaningless ; but step inside the hallowed edifice, and they glow with gules and amethyst, and tinge the sunlight with the grandeur or pathos of sacred histories. So it is with human life. It often looks to us dingy and inexplicable ; but step within the sanctuary of faith, and God's eternal sunlight, making the whole edifice radiant with eternal beauty and with infinite significance, streams into it with many colored glories and divine mercy and human heroism or toil.

CANON FARRAR.

4. Think of your home — write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it. . . . And for your country, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

5. . . . As a rose opens to the summer's warmth, Guenn's womanliness awakened more and more, softening much that had been hard in her. Yet she lost none of those dominant characteristics which separated her radically from other girls, and made her peculiarly herself, — her boylike instinct for fair play, fiery scorn of a blow in the back, and large-hearted protection of the feeble, undefended, and absent, — attributes seldom, indeed, found or expected in womankind, from its queens down to its fish-girls, but nevertheless worthy of some contemplation on the part of those interested in the higher education of women, as rarer than decorative art, more precious than Sanscrit.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

6. It was a maxim with Madame de Staël that politeness is the art of choosing among one's real thoughts. Her whole demeanor was marked by a disposition to oblige; there were abundant wit and vivid repartee, but no chicanery, and, especially, no severity, in her expressions.

ABEL STEVENS.

Are there not women who fill our vase with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and fills the house with perfume; who inspire us with courtesy; who unloose our tongues, and we speak; who anoint our eyes, and we see? We say things we never thought to have said; for once our walls of habitual reserve vanished, and left us at large; we were children playing with children in a wide field of flowers. Steep us, we cried, in these influences, for days, for weeks, and we shall be sunny poets, and will write out in many-colored words the romance that you are.

EMERSON.

7. We should begin life with books, they multiply the sources of employment ; so does capital ; but capital is of no use unless we live on the interest — books are waste paper unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from thought.

BULWER.

Nothing is to be gained by pretending to like what one really dislikes, or to enjoy what one does not find profitable, or even intelligible. If a reader is not honest and sincere in this matter, there is small hope for him. The lowest taste may be cultivated and improved, and radically changed ; but pretense and artificiality can never grow into anything better. They must be wholly rooted out at the start. If you dislike Shakespeare's "Hamlet," and greatly enjoy a trashy story, say so with sincerity and sorrow, if occasion requires, and hope and work for a reversal of your taste. "It's guid to be honest and true," says Burns, and nowhere is honesty more needed than here.

C. F. RICHARDSON.

8. But the country girls (Alice and Phebe Cary) uncultured in mind and rustic in manners, not needing to be told the immense distance which separated them from the world of letters which they longed to enter, would not be discouraged. If they must darn and bake, they would also study and write, and at last publish : if candles were denied them, a saucer of lard with a bit of rag for wick could and did serve instead. And so, for ten long years, they studied and wrote and published without pecuniary recompense ; often discouraged and despondent, yet never despairing ; looking out to the graveyard on the near hillside with a regret for the past, and over and beyond it into the unknown distance with hope for the future.

ADA CARNAHAN.

9. The best-part of the home should ever be regarded as personal, and rigidly held so. It is first and most a question of good breeding, fine tastes, simple and charming habits, wealth of mind and heart, and handsome hospitality to the better nature.

SUMNER ELLIS.

A woman puts all her income into party-dresses, and thinks anything will do to wear at home. All her old tumbled finery, her frayed, dirty silks and soiled ribbons, are made to do duty for her hours of intercourse with her dearest friends. Some seem to be really principled against wearing a handsome dress in every-day life; they "cannot afford" to be well-dressed in private. Now what I should recommend would be to take the money necessary for one or two party-dresses and spend it upon an appropriate and tasteful home-toilette, and to make it an avowed object to look prettily at home. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

10. It is of great value here and now to anticipate time and live to-day the eternal life. That we may all do. The joys of heaven will begin as soon as we attain the character of heaven and do its duties. That may begin to-day. It is everlasting life to know God, to have His spirit dwelling in you, yourself at one with Him. Try that and prove its worth. Justice, usefulness, wisdom, religion, love, are the best things we hope for in heaven. Try them on — they will fit you here not less becomingly. They are the best things of earth. Think no outlay of goodness and piety too great. You will find your reward begin here. As much goodness and piety, so much heaven. Men will not pay you — God will; pay you now, hereafter and forever.

THEODORE PARKER.

11. She gave out of herself, as if she had possessed the life everlasting before her time. She had bread to eat that he knew not of. He could not think of her as sinking, dejected, in need, ahungered. Her splendid health was like a god to her. She leaned against her own physical strength as another woman might lean upon a man's. She had the repose of her full mental activity. She had her dangerous and sacred feminine nerve under magnificent training. It was her servant, not her tyrant; her wealth, not her poverty; the source of her power, not the exponent of her weakness. She moved on her straight and narrow way between life and death, where one hysteric moment would be fatal, with a glorious poise. The young man acknowledged from the bottom of his heart that the Doctor was a balanced and a beautiful character. He had read of such women. He had never seen one.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

12. There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love,—now repeated and hardened into usage.

Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected,—a police in citizens' clothes,—but are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

Look on this woman. There is not beauty, nor brilliant sayings, nor distinguished power to serve you; but all see her gladly; her whole air and impression are healthful.

Manners require time, as nothing is more vulgar than haste.

EMERSON.

13. Let nothing make thee sad or fretful
Or too regretful,
Be still.
What God hath ordered must be right ;
Then find in it thine own delight,
My Will.

PAUL FLEMMING.

Never mind your first failures, girls. No matter if the biscuits are "as heavy as lead" and numerous enough to supply a factory boarding-house. Laugh with the rest at your stupidity; but, all the while, keep a firm hold of pride and make a secret resolve never to abandon biscuit-baking till you have attained efficiency in making bread delicious to the taste and satisfactory in quantity. It is well to be thankful for defeat sometimes because we have an opportunity then for observing what the strength of our pride and perseverance will lead us to really conquer next.

A. H. R.

14. When one first catches the smell of the sea his lungs seem involuntarily to expand, the same as they do when he steps into the open air after long confinement indoors. There before him is aboriginal space, and the breath of it thrills and dilates his body. . . It is a breath out of the morning of the world — bitter, but so fresh and tonic! . . . We seem to breathe a larger air on the coast. It is the place for large types, large thoughts. 'Tis not farms or a township, we see now, but God's own domain. Possession, civilization, boundary lines cease, and there within reach is a clear page of terrestrial space as unmarred and as unmarrable as if plucked from the sidereal heavens.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

15. Easy, pleasant and beautiful as it is to obey, development of character is not complete when the person is fitted only to obey. There comes a time in most women's lives when they have to learn how to govern — first, themselves, then those about them. I say to learn; because it has to be learnt.

MISS MULOCK.

She was one of that large class of women who, moderately endowed with talents, earnest and true-hearted are driven by necessity, temperament, or principle out into the world to find support, happiness, and home for themselves. Many turn back discouraged; more accept shadow for substance, and discover their mistake too late. The weakest lose their purpose and themselves; but the strongest struggle on, and after danger and defeat earn at last the best success this world can give them, — the possession of a brave and cheerful spirit, rich in self-knowledge, self-control, and self-help.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

16. Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history — with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

17. Much must be borne which it is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all, who need indeed His care,
And yet I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.

RUTH OGDEN.

A Son of God who has declared everlasting war against disease, ignorance, sin, death, and all which makes men miserable. Those are his enemies; and he reigns, and will reign, till he has put all enemies under his feet, and there is nothing left in God's universe but order and usefulness, health and beauty, knowledge and virtue, in the day when God shall be all in all.

This all-good Son of God I preach unto you, and I say to you, Trust *him*, and obey him. Obey him, not lest he should become angry with you and harm you, like the false gods of the heathen, but because his commandments are life; because he has made them for your good.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

18. Impartial treatment of those we meet in society is certainly very charming. We say it is a great accomplishment to be able to speak a pleasant word to the neighbor on the right, and a different, though equally expressive, one to the friend on the left. Mary likes books, Sally prefers society, Ruth enjoys housekeeping, Margaret is fond of music. Then why not ask Mary if she has noticed the beautiful woodcuts in the last *Harper's*, or seen the new edition of Hawthorne? Why not inquire of Sallie about the last *matinée* and the last hop? Why not ask Ruth how she made those delicious rolls, and how she prepared the coffee? And why not make Margaret give you her opinion of Wagner or of Beethoven. A. H. R.

19. "Nonsense! You don't belong to the sisterhood, and can't for a dozen years. The crinkles must get out of your hair, the twinkles out of your eyes, and the red off your cheeks, before you read your title clear," said Uncle Pepperfield. "Besides, there are no old maids nowadays, only a few left over from the last century, hidden away in corners. Bless 'em! They ought to have as much honor paid to them as folks are paying to old spinning-wheels and other precious relics. No: the women who don't get married in these days know the reason why, and other folks generally are ready to believe it is a good one. Some make themselves so smart it is likely they were predestinated to just that smartness and are as great a success as if they had married."

ANNETTE NOBLE.

Better be happy old maids than unhappy wives.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

That which is striking and beautiful is not always good, but that which is good is always beautiful.

NINON DE LENCLOS.

20. The two daughters, Jane and Maria, had naturally very sweet voices, and, when they were little, trilled tunes in a very pleasant and bird-like manner. But now, having been instructed by the best masters, and heard the very first artists, they never sing or play; the piano is shut, and their voices are dumb. If you request a song, they tell you that they never sing now; papa has such an exquisite taste, he takes no interest in any common music; in short, having heard Jenny Lind, Grisi Alboni, Mario, and others of the tuneful shell, this family have concluded to abide in silence.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

21. Yet sets she not her soul so steadily
Above, that she forgets her ties to earth,
But her whole thought would almost seem to be
How to make glad one lowly human hearth ;
For with a gentle courage she doth strive
In thought and word and feeling so to live
As to make earth next heaven ; and her heart
Herein doth show its most exceeding worth,
That, bearing in her frailty her just part,
She hath not shrunk from evils of this life,
But hath gone calmly forth into the strife,
And all its sins and sorrows hath withstood
With lofty strength of patient womanhood :
For this I love her great soul more than all,
That, being bound, like us, with earthly thrall,
She walks so bright and heaven-like therein,—
Too wise, too meek, too womanly, to sin.

LOWELL.

22. Many a summer morning have I crept out of the still house before anyone was awake, and, wrapping myself closely from the chill wind of dawn, climbed to the top of the high cliff called the Head to watch the sun rise. Pale grew the lighthouse frame before the broadening day as, nestling in a crevice at the cliff's edge, I watched the shadows draw away and morning break. Facing the east and south, with the Atlantic before me, what happiness was mine as the deepening rose-color flushed the delicate cloud-flocks that dappled the sky, where the gulls soared, rosy too, while the calm sea blushed beneath. Infinite variety of beauty always awaited me, and filled me with an absorbing, unreasoning joy such as makes the song-sparrow sing,— a sense of perfect bliss.

CELIA THAXTER.

23. In the old, historic part of Boston, close by the chime of bells given to the American colonists by King George, under the vigilant eye of the old cockerel, there stood, in 1816, a "rough cast" house. There, amid the summer heats, was born, of stern Puritan stock, a blue-eyed girl, who afterwards, single-handed, fought her way to an eminence where she stood a queen, her royal right unchallenged! Boston proudly boasts that her day and generation had not Charlotte Cushman's equal. In 1867 the old house was torn down and in its place a handsome brick schoolhouse was built,— the Cushman School. Here she made her "maiden speech" to upturned girlish faces, and said that higher than her culture or genius or graces of character, she ranked her ability for work. This was the secret of her success, and the legacy she bequeathed to the girls of the Cushman School.

ANON.

24. Some one once asked the Duke of Wellington what his secret was for winning battles. And he said that he had no secret; that he did not know how to win battles, and that no man knew. For all, he said, that man could do, was to look beforehand steadily at all the chances, and lay all possible plans: but from the moment the battle began, he said, no mortal prudence was of use, and no mortal man could know what the end would be. A thousand new accidents might spring up every hour, and scatter all his plans to the winds; and all that man could do was to comfort himself with the thought that he had done his best, and to trust in God. . . . My friends, learn from this a lesson for the battle of life, which every one of us has to fight from the cradle to the grave.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

25. Beware of excess, girls. Kinds of dissipation seem to be not worse than the frequency with which one indulges in them. Extremes in sports, in amusements of any kind either work disaster or get worn out from too constant use. Moderation and discretion are as well worth consideration in our times of enjoyment as in hours of hard work. Lawn tennis every afternoon, dancing parties every week, novels every rainy day, not only conceal all the virtue there might be in such sport or entertainment if less frequently resorted to, but dissipate the wholesome delight in other pleasures as well. Too much of a sport, too much of certain gayeties, in themselves well meaning, sap physical and moral strength, and make life contain nothing fresh and new.

A. H. R.

26. "Be not simply good, be good for something," said Henry D. Thoreau. A bright-eyed girl of eighteen used to come to me on Friday evenings to give me German lessons. To be sure, I have lived in Germany, and she has never been out of Illinois, but then that language is not my specialty, while it is hers. "How is it that though so young, you have made yourself independent?" I inquired of her one day. Listen to the reply: "My mother was always quoting this saying of Carlyle: 'The man who has a sixpence commands the world—to the extent of that sixpence.' I early laid this sentiment to heart. Besides, when I was fifteen years old, I heard a sermon on the text; 'This one thing I do.' I thought, why not in everyday affairs as well as in religion do one thing well, rather than many things indifferently, and in that way secure the magic sixpence of Carlyle."

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

27. Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads
and her missal,

Wearing the Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the
earrings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an
heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long genera-
tions.

But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after con-
fession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
upon her.

When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exqui-
site music.

LONGFELLOW.

28. I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,

From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid

In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken

The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their Mother's breast,

As she dances about in the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,

And whiten the green plains under;

And then again I dissolve in rain,

And laugh as I pass in thunder.

SHELLEY.

29. Economy doesn't mean scrimping in one place to make a show in another. LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"We say that it is the duty of every man, with any means, to observe proportion in his surplus expenses; to have a conscientious order with regard to the service which his superfluous dollars discharge. Over against every prominent allowance for a personal luxury, the celestial record book ought to show some entry in favor of the cause of goodness and suffering humanity; for every guinea that goes into a theatre, a museum, an atheneum, or the treasury of a music hall, there ought to be some twin guinea pledged for a truth, or flying on some errand of mercy in a city so crowded with misery as this.

THOMAS STARR KING.

30. A word, or the want of a word, is a little thing; but into the momentary mound or chasm, so made or left, throng circumstances; these thrust wider and wider asunder, till the whole round bulk of the world may lie between two lives. MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above,
Where they listen for words from below?

JEAN INGELow.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

MRS. MULOCK (CRAIK).

31. It would be the height of absurdity for the child to think and speak of its father as if he were a child too, and could do no more than the boy's playmates. Yet this is the common error of the children of God. We do not raise our thoughts to a god-like level. We think our own thoughts of God, and straightway we doubt. Oh, that we rose to God's thoughts, and tried to conceive how *He* looks upon matters! Surely he taketh up the isles as a very little thing, and the mountains he weighs in scales, If our troubles were set in the light of God's power, and love, and faithfulness, and wisdom, they would become to us small burdens. Why should we not so regard them?

SPURGEON,

AUGUST.

1. According to the calendar, the summer ought to culminate about the 21st of June, but in reality it is some weeks later ; June is a maiden month all through. It is not high noon in nature till about the first or second week in July. When the chestnut tree blooms, the meridian of the year is reached. By the first of August, it is fairly one o'clock. The lustre of the season begins to dim, the foliage of the trees and woods to tarnish, the plumage of the birds to fade, and their songs to cease. The hints of approaching fall are on every hand. How suggestive this thistle-down, for instance, which, as I sit by the open window, comes in and brushes softly across my hand ! The first snow-flake tells of winter not more plainly than this driving down heralds the approach of fall. Come here, my fairy, and tell me whence you come and whither you go ?

JOHN BURROUGHS.

2. But Margery sat on the doorsteps and wondered, as the sea sounded louder, and the sunshine grew warmer around her. It was all so strange, and grand, and beautiful ! Her heart danced with joy to the music that went echoing through the wide world from the roots of the sprouting grass to the great golden blossom of the sun.

And when the round, gray eyes closed that night, at the first peep of the stars, the angels looked down and wondered over Margery. For the wisdom of the wisest being God has made ends in wonder ; and there is nothing on earth so wonderful as the budding soul of a little child.

LUCY LARCOM.

3. Kindness to animals is no unworthy exercise of benevolence. We hold that the life of brutes perishes with their breath, and that they are never to be clothed again with consciousness. The inevitable shortness, then, of their existence should plead for them touchingly. The insects on the surface of the water, poor ephemeral things — who would heedlessly abridge their dancing pleasure of to-day? Such feelings we should have toward the whole brute creation. To those animals, over which we are masters for however short a time, we have positive duties to perform. This seems too obvious to be insisted upon; but there are persons who act as though they thought they could buy the right of ill-treating any of God's creatures.

ARTHUR HELPS.

4. "Life and light!" The words have a familiar and a solemn sound. Are they snatches from some forgotten sentiment of Holy Writ? John, perhaps? John, the golden lipped, happy-hearted young enthusiast? What a poet that fisherman was! No wonder that modern dispute centres about the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel. *Life and Light!* In all the universe those were the only two words that could interpret the summer-noon meaning of this virgin State of Maine.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Resounds the living surface of the ground :
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon ;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows gray, close-crowding o'er the brook.

THOMSON.

5. There are duties devolving on every human being, — duties not small nor few, but vast and varied, — which spring from home and private life, and all their sweet relations. The support or care of the humblest household is a function worthy of men, women, and angels, so far as it goes. From these duties none must shrink, neither man nor woman; the loftiest genius cannot ignore them; the sublimest charity must begin with them. They are their own exceeding great reward; their self-sacrifice is infinite joy; and the selfishness which discards them is repaid by loneliness and a desolate old age.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

6. Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care :
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed
They wander east, and wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt ;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest ;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky ; —
To stay at home is best.

LONGFELLOW.

7. "Lord, it is good for us to be here," the disciples said. And it was good for them to be there : but not too long. Man was sent into this world not merely to see but to do ; and the more he sees, the more he is bound to go and do accordingly. St. Peter had to come down from the mount, and preach the Gospel wearily for many years, and die at last upon the cross. St. Augustine, though he would gladly have lived and died doing nothing but fixing his soul's eye steadily on the glory of God's goodness, had to come down from the mount likewise, and work, and preach, and teach, and wear himself out in daily drudgery for that God whom he learnt to serve.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

8. Accomplishments make a woman valuable to herself. A truly accomplished woman — one whose thoughts have come naturally to flow out in artistic forms, whether through the instrumentality of her tongue, her pen, her pencil, or her piano, is a treasure to herself and to society. There maybe something to interfere with your being all this ; but this you can do : you can acquire thoroughly every accomplishment for which you have a natural aptitude, or you can let it alone. Do not be content with a smattering of anything.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

"I don't want to be uncharitable, and I don't in the least believe the things people often say about society ; but really, Lisbeth, I have sometimes thought that the life behind all the glare and glitter was just the least bit stupid and hollow. I know I should get dreadfully tired of it, if I had nothing else to satisfy me ; no real home life, and no true, single-hearted, close friends to love, like you and mamma."

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

9. Madame Récarnier adopted certain rules which good society has since observed. She discouraged the tête-à-tête in a low voice in a mixed company ; if any one in her circle was likely to have especial knowledge, she would appeal to him with an air of deference ; if anyone was shy, she encouraged him ; if a *mot* was particularly happy, she would take it up and show it to the company. Presiding in her own salon, she talked but little herself, but rather exerted herself to draw others out ; without being learned, she exercised great judgment in her decisions when appeals were made to her as the presiding genius. She discouraged everything pedantic and pretentious ; she dreaded exaggerations ; she kept her company to the subject under discussion ; she would allow no slang ; she insisted upon good nature and amiability which more than anything else marked society in the 18th century.

JOHN LORD.

10. O, yes, girls, dress helps, and we are in no mood to dispense with it. We do not want you all to look like the inmates of an orphan asylum, — green checked sun-bonnets, red calico dresses, and blue capes — O, no ! But let us not forget that the girl who wears a dress — though it may be worth a thousand dollars and be stiff with gold brocade — out of keeping with her face and form, its colors in no way agreeing, cannot compare favorably with that other girl whose dress costs only fifteen dollars but which in its simplicity, its fit, its fabric, its adaptability to the place and time where and when it is worn, its air of trimness and tastefulness gives the wearer a kind of classic superiority.

A. H. R.

11. The supreme advantage which modern society enjoys over society five hundred years ago is printed literature. There are scores of blessings connected organically with civilization that raise the plane of our life ; but over all secular boons this one is sovereign, — the printing press, which arrests and cheapens, which accumulates and scatters, the victories of genius and the stores of intellectual toil. . . .

Books are our crowning privilege in modern civilization. With a taste for books and music, let every person thank God, night and morning, that he was not born earlier in history.

T. STARR KING.

Mark, there. * We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits — so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth —
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

MRS. BROWNING.

12. My young-lady friends, of from seventeen upwards, your time and the use of it is as essential to you as to any father or brother of you all. You are accountable for it just as much as he is. If you waste it, you waste not only your substance, but your very souls — not that which is your own, but your Maker's.

MISS MULOCK.

13. Coquettes are the quacks of love.

ROCHEFOUCAULD.

God created the coquette as soon as he had made the fool.

VICTOR HUGO.

A coquette is a young lady of more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants.

LONGFELLOW.

14. A prayer is less a speaking than a looking up and listening to hear what God will say.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

TENNYSON.

Child of My love, "lean hard,"
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care,
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,
Poised it in Mine own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on, I said,
"I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,
This burden shall be Mine, not hers."

PAUL PASTNOR.

15. Our appreciation of the beautiful ought to be strengthened by our love of the useful and our admiration of labor, just as our appreciation of work ought to be increased by valuing the serenity of rest. We pause in wrapt wonder while we gaze from the cliffs on the blue expanse of sea and sky, or cast our eyes upon the beauty of stately lawns and waving banks of wild flowers, sloping down to the rocks. We say, And this is life! I live, I walk in beauty, my soul is bathed in the evening light! But the sounds from the neighboring city meet our ears — steam whistles, bells and wagons; men and girls go by with quick steps hastening home from the factories. Then the thought comes to us that labor, common labor, has a beauty too. Though not so serene a beauty as rest gives, not so emotional as Nature imparts, the loveliness of work is more vigorous, more earnest, more godlike. A girl who lives aright knows not only the joy of rest in the beautiful, but of work in the beautiful, too. The one makes her gentle, the other makes her strong. A. H. R.

16. 'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all,
From pole to pole, is undistinguished blaze.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead.

THOMSON.

17. Traveller, what lies over the hill?

Traveller, tell to me :

I am only a child — from the window-sill —

Over I cannot see. GEORGE MACDONALD.

This Universe, the grandest and loveliest work of nature, and the Intellect which was created to observe and to admire it, are our special and eternal possessions, which shall last as long as we last ourselves. Cheerful, therefore, and erect, let us hasten with undaunted footsteps whithersoever our fortunes lead us. There is no land where man cannot dwell,—no land where he cannot uplift his eyes unto heaven ; wherever we are, the distance of the divine from the human remains the same.

SENECA.

18. Nature finishes everything and that makes a large part of her charm. Every little flower is perfect and complete, from root to seed. Every leaf which will open in the next springtime will have its little ribs and edges as exactly and completely finished as if it were the only leaf God intended to make in the whole year.

Let us learn to do everything as well as we can. That turns life into art. The least thing thoroughly well done, becomes artistic. It is a fine art to walk perfectly well, not in the heavy mechanical way which most of us walk. It is a fine art to speak well, to articulate distinctly, to pronounce correctly, to use the right word and not the wrong one. Anything complete, rounded, full, exact, gives pleasure ; anything slovenly, slipshod, unfinished, is discouraging.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

19. " You think because my life is rude,
 I take no note of sweetness :
 I tell you love has naught to do
 With meetness or unmeetness :

" Itself its best excuse, it asks
 No leave of pride or fashion
 When silken zone or homespun frock
 It stirs with throbs of passion.

.
 " The plaything of your summer sport,
 The spells you weave around me
 You cannot at your will undo,
 Nor leave me as you found me." WHITTIER.

20. But now let me see what you can do, girls, if you will. Almost every one of you spends a few hours a week in reading, and some of you pour away "oceans of time" over fashionable fiction. Why not give just two or three little hours to study,—study so pleasant and so arranged that you may call it reading, or recreating, or getting acquainted with "the best of all good company?" After a little while you will find these hours precious and necessary. They will give you rest, and a greater number of useful and pleasant subjects to think about; they will afford you broader and readier information; and they will deepen within you an interest in the highest and most helpful things this life affords.

As far as you can, in your reading or studying, group those subjects together which belong to one another. Your knowledge will thus become more thorough and your interest more absorbing.

A. H. R.

21. A man without religion is to be pitied, but a godless woman is a horror above all things.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Life is valuable only so far as it serves for the religious education of the heart.

MME. DE STAËL.

Here is the great, last certainty. Be sure of God. With simple, loving worship, by continual obedience, by purifying yourself even as He is pure, creep close to Him, keep close to Him. Be sure of God and nothing can overthrow or drown you.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

22. There are many little things in the household, attention to which is indispensable to health and happiness. Cleanliness consists in attention to a number of apparent trifles — the scrubbing of a floor, the dusting of a chair, the cleansing of a tea-cup, but the general result of the whole is an atmosphere of moral and physical well-being — a condition favorable to the highest growth of human character. The kind of air which circulates in a house may seem a small matter, for we cannot see the air, and few people know anything about it; yet if we do not provide a regular supply of pure air within our houses, we shall inevitably suffer for our neglect. A few specks of dirt may seem neither here nor there, and a closed door or window would appear to make little difference; but it may make the difference of a life destroyed by fever; and therefore the little dirt and the little bad air are really very serious matters.

SMILES.

23. After all, it doesn't so much signify what you may do as that you do it well, whatever it may be. For the value of skilled labor is estimated on a democratic basis, nowadays. President Eliot, of Harvard University, the cook in the Parker House restaurant, and Mary L. Booth, who edits *Harper's Bazar*, each receive four thousand dollars per year.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

24. "Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth . . . I will have a lover,—

And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind:
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in
When he gazes in my face
He will say, "O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace."

MRS. BROWNING.

25. Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

CRASHAW.

A vague feeling of kindness toward our fellow-creatures is no state of mind to rest in. It is not enough for us to be able to say that nothing of human interest is alien to us, and that we give our acquiescence, or indeed our transient assistance, to any scheme of benevolence that may come in our way. No : in promoting the welfare of others we must toil ; we must devote to it earnest thought, constant care, and zealous endeavor. What is more, we must do all this with patience ; and be ready, in the same cause, to make an habitual sacrifice of our own tastes and wishes.

ARTHUR HELPS.

26. "Marryin' a man ain't like settin' alongside of him nights and hearin' him talk pretty ; that's the fust prayer There's lots an' lots o' meetin' after that !"

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Do you remember the infatuation of "Guenn"? how neither the good priest, nor her own people — no, nor her reason — could prevail? And then do you remember the end? Pass quickly through the adoration of a mere mortal, allow some chances for faults in yourselves and those you worship, and do not turn your hearts bitterly against common sense. Ideals which grow upon us are stronger than those recommended by a first glance. A. H. R.

I remember one day, when Lady Oldtower was suggesting — half jest, half earnest, "better any marriage than no marriage at all ;" Maud's father replied very seriously — "Better no marriage, than any marriage that is less than the best."

MISS MULOCK.

27. Mother says that neither she nor her daughter shall ever offer wine to any young man under her roof.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

The foaming, sparkling cup which you, with arch smiles and graces, are handing to your guest, may be that critical one which will consign him to a drunkard's grave, his wife to a mad-house, his children to lives of penury, sickness and sorrow.

A single dose of alcoholic tonics, given as a medicine, may revive the fatal passion of half-cured drunkards, and forfeit their hard-earned chance of recovery.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

28. All great men have lived by hope. Not what they saw, but what they believed in, made their strength.

The power which moves the world is hope. An anxious doubtful, timid man can accomplish little. Fear unnerves us; hope inspires us. If, then, we wish to cultivate and strengthen our hope, it must be by increasing our faith in goodness.

The path of progress for each individual soul lies along this highway of hope. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

So take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows, ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad —
Joy is a grace we say to God.

JEAN INGELow.

29. There are thousands of men in our (English) army and navy, and in all our industries, who have reason to bless the name of Mary Carpenter. Armed with purity of purpose, she went into courts and alleys through which a policeman could scarcely walk. Nothing daunted, nothing disgusted her.

There is a great deal of heroism in common life that is never known. There is, perhaps, more heroism among the poor than among the rich. . . . A street beggar said that he always got more coppers from the poor shop girls than from anybody else. SMILES.

It is nobler far to do the most commonplace duty in the household, or behind the counter, with a single eye to duty, simply because it must be done; nobler far, I say, than to go out of your way to attempt a brilliant deed, with a double mind and saying to yourself not only — "This will be a brilliant deed," but also — "and it will pay me, or raise me, or set me off, into the bargain." Heroism knows no "into the bargain." CHARLES KINGSLEY.

30. She had Albani Cupids and Correggio's floating angel — heads painted on the walls of her pretty boudoir, and no doubt her studies of such artlessness were not without effect in producing her dewy infantine smiles. There was much that she knew, this wise and foolish woman. But nevertheless, some simple and useful facts escaped her. She did not know, for instance, that a young heart holds the essence of youth in a woman's face in defiance of wrinkles and gray hair. She did not know that the world's imprint on her own spirit must sooner or later work itself out into her face, despite her cherubic studies. BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

31. Patience is the truest sign of courage. Ask old soldiers, who have seen real war, and they will tell you that the bravest men, the men who endured best, not in mere fighting, but in standing still for hours to be mowed down by cannon shot ; who were most cheerful and patient in shipwreck, and starvation, and defeat — all things ten times worse than fighting — ask old soldiers, I say, and they will tell you that the men who showed best in such miseries were generally the stillest and meekest men in the whole regiment, that is true fortitude ; that is Christ's image — the meekest of men, and the bravest too.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Already the nestling sparrows
Are clothed in a mist of gray,
And under the breast of the swallow
The warm eggs stir to-day.

Already the cricket is busy
With hints of soberer days,
And the golden-rod lights slowly
Its torch for the autumn blaze.

O brief, bright smile of summer !
O days divine and dear !
The voices of winter's sorrow
Already we can hear.

CELIA THAXTER.

SEPTEMBER.

1. So here hath been dawning
 Another blue day :
 Think wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away.

 Out of Eternity
 This new day is born ;
 Into Eternity,
 At night, will return.

 Behold it aforetime
 No eye ever did ;
 So soon it for ever
 From all eyes is hid.

 Here hath been dawning
 Another blue Day :
 Think wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away ?

CARLYLE.

2. Improved cooking-stoves and Mrs. Cornelius have made the culinary art such a path of roses that it is hardly now included in early training, but deferred till after matrimony. Yet bread-making in well-ventilated kitchens and sweeping in open-windowed rooms are calisthenics so bracing that one grudges them to the Irish maidens, whose round and comely arms betray so much less need of their tonic influence than the shrunk muscles exhibited so freely by our short-sleeved belles.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

3. You are not, under the pretense of exercise, to unfit yourself for the duties of the day. I once knew a club of young enthusiasts, men and women, who used to walk before breakfast, summer mornings. It is an exquisite time of day, and they had what the New England dialect calls "beautiful times." But when they came back, after two or three hours, and ate a sumptuous breakfast, as they used to, they found themselves quite unfit for the duties of the day, for making clothes, writing sermons, advising clients, or painting pictures. This is what in slang phrase is called "running exercise into the ground." Such exercise is no longer preparation for living. Remember all along, that our business is to keep the body up to the highest point, that we may get from it all the work we can.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

4. "The higher life begins for us, my daughter, when we renounce our own will to bow before a Divine law. That seems hard to you. It is the portal of wisdom, and freedom, and blessedness. And the symbol of it hangs before you. That wisdom is the religion of the Cross."

GEORGE ELIOT.

Every heart must learn to beat,
As every robin learns to trill,—
And every life be made complete,
Led upward by a higher will.

DORA R. GOODALE.

Be quiet, O my soul!
My Master's hand is on me now; I must obey His will.
His hand is very strong; His word He must fulfil.

J. M. S.

5. On the day after Florence Nightingale's arrival in the Crimea, six hundred wounded men were brought in, and the number increased until there were over three thousand under her immediate charge. One of the gentlest and tenderest of women, she surveyed the scene of confusion and anguish with unruffled mind, and issued her orders with perfect calmness. During the first week she was known to stand twenty consecutive hours, directing the labor of men and women. She established a washing house, and a kitchen in which hundreds of gallons of beef tea were made daily. She understood the art of husbanding labor. Her nerve was wonderful. She was more than equal to the trial of severe surgical operations. The more awful to every sense any particular case, the more surely would her slight form be seen bending over him, until death released him. No wonder the soldiers kissed her shadow as it passed their beds. JAMES PARTON.

6. What shall I see if I ever go
 Over the mountains high?
 Now, I can see but the peaks of snow,
 Crowning the cliffs where the pine-trees grow,
 Waiting and longing to rise
 Nearer the beckoning skies.

.

Once, I know, I shall journey far
 Over the mountains high.
 Lord, is thy door already ajar? —
 Dear is the home where thy saved ones are; —
 But bar it awhile from me,
 And help me to long for Thee.

BJÖRNSSON.

7. People are better than we fancy, and have more in them than we fancy; and if they do not show that they have, it is three times out of four our own fault. Instead of esteeming them better than ourselves, and asking their advice, and calling out their experience, we are too often in such a hurry to show them that we are better than they, and to thrust our advice upon them, that we give them no encouragement to speak, often no time to speak; and so they are silent and think the more, and remain shut up in themselves, and often pass for stupider people than they are. Because we will not begin by doing justice to our neighbors, we prevent them doing justice to themselves.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

8. Suppose you are studying English Literature. Be watchful, first, for the writer's ideas; be sure you get *his* thoughts, not such as some one else says are his, according to some one's else interpretation; then observe the manner in which those ideas are expressed. The merits of a literary work lie quite as much in the style as in the thoughts which it contains.

You may be reading George Eliot's "Romola." Be sure, when the book ends, that you see somewhat the purpose for which it was written. Be impressed with its story; follow its wonderful descriptions, its analysis of character; remark the knowledge brought to bear in representing that great historical character Savonarola, the Florentine republic, and the rule of the De Medicis; be moved by the pathos of the story, its dignity and beauty; but remember most that she who begins with virtue, grows, though through fires of tribulation, into a radiant, clear, crystal womanhood.

A. H. R.

9. Dorothy Wordsworth [the poet's sister] numbered eighty-four years without a winter in her heart.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

EMERSON.

10. "But I can't give up wishing," said Philip, impatiently. "It seems to me we can never give up longing and wishing while we are thoroughly alive. There are certain things we feel to be beautiful and good, and we *must* hunger after them.

GEORGE ELIOT.

We are ever looking to something better than we have or are, and whether we attain it or lose it, there is no rest for our feet. It is the man who is fooled or deluded that is to be pitied. He who finds life and self sufficient is either a monster or a caricature.

A. S. HARDY.

You say, "In childhood you fancy there's such a good time for you in the world." I know it. The trees and flowers promise it, and the blue sky and the stars. But after long years of disappointment (we are twenty-two now!), when you are perhaps giving up and thinking it is all a cheat, you turn and find it in your own heart! Right there, Di, shut in like honey in a cell. I suppose the "peace that passeth all understanding" is the name for it, and when it comes to you so softly, then the old glamour is over every thing again, just as it was far away in your childhood.

SOPHIE MAY.

11. "The Length and the Breadth and the Height of it are equal."

These are the three dimensions of the human life, its length, its breadth, its height. The life which has only length, only intensity of ambition, is narrow. The life that has length and breadth, intense ambition and broad humanity, is thin. It is like a great, flat plain, of which one wearies, and which sooner or later wearies of itself. The life which to its length and breadth adds height,—which to its personal ambition and sympathy with man, adds the love and obedience of God, completes itself into the cube of the eternal city and is the life complete.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

12. I think Hans Andersen's story of the cobweb cloth woven so fine that it was invisible, — woven for the king's garment, — must mean manners, which do really clothe a princely nature. Such a one can well go in a blanket, if he would. In the gymnasium or on the sea-beach his superiority does not leave him.

EMERSON.

In effective womanly beauty form is more than face, and manner more than either.

ANON.

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.

VOLTAIRE.

Fine manners are a stronger bond than a beautiful face ; the former bind, the latter only attracts.

LAMARTINE.

Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace ;
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face.

MRS. BROWNING.

13. To enjoy life thoroughly we need daily to mingle the ideal with the real. You know some girls fancy themselves the most practical people the sun shines on, but on their way to school, to work, or to market, they will stop to pick a wayside flower, to admire a fleecy cloud, to catch a glimpse of a picture in a shop-window; or they will linger a moment to cast an admiring look at the charming new neighbor who has just passed on. So with their practical estimate of what butter and eggs ought to cost, with their lists of Latin prepositions which they have but lately learned there creep into the mind wonderful shapes of beauty and visions of adorable friends. Keep on drawing halos about the heads of your friends, keep on delighting in clouds and flowers; that kind of sentiment you will need later to make your hearts as full as your minds.

A. H. R.

14. Through suffering and sorrow thou hast passed
To show us what a woman true may be :
They have not taken sympathy from thee,
Nor made thee any other than thou wast,
Save as some tree, which, in a sudden blast,
Sheddeth those blossoms which are weakly grown,
Upon the air, but keepeth every one
Whose strength gives warrant of good fruit at last :
So thou hast shed some blooms of gayety,
But never one of steadfast cheerfulness ;
Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity
Robbed thee of any faith in happiness,
But rather cleared thine inner eyes to see
How many simple ways there are to bless.

J. R. LOWELL.

15. There are two kinds of neatness: one is too evident, and makes every thing about it seem trite and cold and stiff, and another kind of neatness disappears from our sight in a satisfied sense of completeness — like some exquisite, simple, finished style of writing — an Addison's or a St. Pierre's.

BULWER.

We hear a great deal about graceful dancing, pretty faces, bright talkers, as well as the dearer charms of good scholarship, — not to mention the virtues of base ball and tennis grounds — but seldom, I fear, can the most eager ears catch the old-fashioned compliment "Such charming manners!"

"The manners of children at home," said Mrs. Sharpe, "form the very foundation stone of society. We all know that politeness is defined to be 'kindness of heart'; and the desire to do always and to every one the best thing in one's power, make first a good son or daughter, afterwards a good husband or wife, and then a good citizen."

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

16. We cannot easily overrate the influence of those who improve the social circle. They give not only the greatest pleasure which is known to cultivated minds, but kindle lofty sentiments. . . .

When woman accomplishes such results she fills no ordinary sphere, she performs no ordinary mission; she rises in dignity as she declines in physical attractions. Like a queen of beauty at the tournament, she bestows the rewards which distinguished excellence has won; she breaks up the distinctions of rank; she destroys pretensions; she kills self-conceit; she even gains consideration for her husband or brother.

JOHN LORD.

17. However good you may be, you have faults ; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are ; and however slight they may be, you had better make some — not too painful, but patient — effort to get quit of them. So far as you have confidence in me at all, trust me for this, that how many soever you may find or fancy your faults to be, there are only two that are of real consequence, — Idleness and Cruelty. RUSKIN.

18. Listen to the story of a simple shepherd, given in his own words : — I forget now who it was that once said to me, “ Jean Baptiste, you are very poor ? ” — True. — “ If you fell ill, your wife and children would be destitute ? ” — True. And then I felt anxious and uneasy for the rest of the day.

At Evensong, wiser thoughts came to me, and I said to myself : Jean Baptiste, for more than thirty years you have lived in the world, you have never possessed anything, yet still you live on, and have been provided each day with nourishment, each night with repose. Of trouble God has never sent you more than your share. Of help, the means have never failed you. To whom do you owe all this ? To God. Jean Baptiste, be no longer ungrateful, and banish those anxious thoughts ; for what could ever induce you to think that the Hand from which you have already received so much, would close against you when you grow old, and have greater need of help ? I finished my prayer, and felt at peace. GOLD DUST.

‘ Let others miss me !
Never miss me, God ! ’

MRS. BROWNING.

19. To learn never to waste our time is perhaps one of the most difficult virtues to acquire.

A well-spent day is a source of pleasure. To be constantly employed, and never asking, "What shall I do?" is the secret of much goodness and happiness.

Begin then with promptitude, act decisively, persevere, if interrupted, be amiable, and return to the work unruffled, finish it carefully, — these will be the signs of a virtuous soul.

GOLD DUST.

If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

20. Winds may blow and skies may rain, fortune may prove unkind, days may be lonely and evenings dull; but for the true lover of reading there is always at hand this great company of companions and friends, — the wisest, the gentlest, the best, — never too tired or too busy to talk with him, ready at all moments to give their thought, their teaching, to help, instruct, and entertain. They never disappoint, they have no moods or tempers, they are always at home, — in all of which respects they differ from the rest of our acquaintance. If the man who invented sleep is to be blessed, thrice blessed be the man who invented printing.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Books are men of higher stature. MRS. BROWNING.

The days of blue-stockings are over; it is a notable fact that the best housekeepers, the neatest needle-women, the most discreet managers of their own and others' affairs, are ladies whose names the world cons over in library lists and exhibition catalogues.

MISS MULOCK.

21. The vanity of loving fine clothes and new fashions, and valuing ourselves by them, is one of the most childish pieces of folly that can be. SIR MATTHEW HALE.

Those who are incapable of shining but by dress would do well to consider that the contrast between them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage.

SHENSTONE.

As long as there are cold and nakedness in the land around you, so long can there be no question at all but that splendor of dress is a crime. In due time, when we have nothing better to set people to work at, it may be right to let them make lace and cut jewels; but as long as there are any who have no blankets for their beds, and no rags for their bodies, so long it is blanket-making and tailoring we must set people to work at, not lace. RUSKIN.

22 And pray be mindful of the way you look at things. Do not try to see evil; have on your kind eyes, magnify every dot of goodness. Ruskin says, "In all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight." And George Eliot tells us to "Put a good face on it and don't seem to be looking out for crows, else you'll set other people to watchin' for 'em to." Try especially to see what is good in your own lot.

"Count up your mercies," girls, and see how many they are, then count up your chances for receiving more mercies and find out how even more numerous they are. If you do not get any comfort out of this, why, you haven't counted right, you have left hundreds uncounted. Then look closer and try it over again. A. H. R.

23. I believe in rewards of a certain kind, especially for young folks. They help us along; and although we may begin by being good for the sake of the reward, if it is rightly used, we shall soon learn to love goodness for itself.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

It is what we are, not what we have, that makes one human being superior to another.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

People don't grow famous in a hurry, and it takes a deal of hard work even to earn your bread and butter.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

The characteristic of heroism is its persistency.

EMERSON.

24. The old postmaster of the town to which her letter was directed took it up to stamp, and read on the envelope the direction to "Miss Lulu Pinrow." He brought the stamp down with a vicious emphasis, coming very near blotting out the nursery name, instead of cancelling the postage-stamp. "Lulu!" he exclaimed. "I should like to know if that great strapping girl isn't out of her cradle yet! I suppose Miss Louisa will think that belongs to her, but I saw her christened, and I heard the name the minister gave her, and it wasn't 'Lulu,' or any such baby nonsense." . . . Why a grown-up young woman allowed herself to be cheapened in the way so many of them do by the use of names which become them as well as the frock of a ten-year-old schoolgirl would become a graduate of the Corinna Institute, the old postmaster could not guess. — He was a queer old man.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

25. There are briers besetting every path,
 Which call for patient care;
 There is a cross in every lot,
 And an earnest need for prayer;
 But a lonely heart that leans on thee
 Is happy anywhere.
- In a service which thy love appoints,
 There are no bonds for me;
 For my secret heart is taught "the truth"
 That makes thy children "free;"
 And a life of self-renouncing love
 Is a life of liberty. ANNA L. WARING.

26. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities a woman knows, or how many dates of events, or how many names of celebrated persons—it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary. But it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads,—to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and the dramatic relations which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangements. It is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with its retribution.

But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for her determined, . . . and to the contemporary calamity which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. RUSKIN.

27. Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues ; be just, and fear not.

SHAKESPEARE.

But God shapes all our fitness, and gives each man his meaning, even as he guides the wavering lines of snow descending. Our Eliza was meant for books ; our dear Annie for loving and cooking ; I, John Ridd, for sheep, and wrestling, and the thought of Lorna ; and mother to love all three of us, and to make the best of her children.

R. D. BLACKMORE.

Nothing useless is, or low ;

Each thing in its place is best ;

And what seems but idle show

Strengthens and supports the rest.

LONGFELLOW.

28. Let the maiden with erect soul, walk serenely on her way, accept the hint of each new experience, search in turn all the objects that solicit her eye, that she may learn the power and the charm of her new-born being, which is the kindling of a new dawn in the recesses of space. The fair girl, who repels interference by a decided and proud choice of influences, so careless of pleasing, so lofty, inspires every beholder with somewhat of her own nobleness. The silent heart encourages her ; O friend, never strike sail to a fear ! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered and refined by the vision.

EMERSON.

29. "I'm glad one girl has had sense enough not to marry for a home," said Miss Tryphena energetically, "I've watched too many women, toilin' an' slavin,' day an' night for men that wouldn't let 'em have even the egg-money. There's my own sister Almiry, an' Jacob sets consid'able by her too; always dretful upsot if she's sick, and scared for fear she'll die, but he'll take every pound of butter an' every solitary egg, an' if she happens to touch the money, s'posin' he's laid it down, he sings out, 'Look-a-here, Almiry Skinner, that's money!' And Almiry drops it like hot shot." HELEN CAMPBELL.

"Of one thing I am pretty sure," he resumed "that the same recipe Goethe gave for the enjoyment of life, applies equally to all work: 'Do the thing that lies next to you.' That is all our business. Hurried results are worse than none. We must force nothing, but be partakers of the divine patience. — How long it took to make the cradle! and we fret that the baby Humanity is not reading Euclid. If there is one thing evident in the world's history, it is that God hasteneth not. All haste implies weakness. GEORGE MACDONALD.

30. Let us remember that womanliness is in all the motherliness we see in our mothers; that it is in all the sacrifices and noble deeds of silent women, as well as in those of celebrated women; that it is in the acts of all those who make the ordinary home "like the shadow of a rock in a weary land." If we are impressed with the remembrance that womanliness is in such and such characters, we shall try harder to imitate them; we shall be more thankful we are women, and more grateful that it it belongs to us especially to impart what man lacks, and what he must depend on us to supply. A. H. R.

OCTOBER.

1. "She's a good girl, Doctor Zay is, if she is cute. There isn't a horse in town, without it's mine, can make the miles that pony can. Look there! The creetur wants her dinner. She how she holds her? No blinders nor check rein on *her* horses. She drives 'em by lovin' 'em. There's *woman clear through that girl's brains*. You should see her in January. There ain't three men in Sherman I'd trust to drive that mare in January without a good life insurance before they set out. Now, Mr. Yorke, may be you don't feel as I do, but to my mind there's no prettier sight under heaven than a brave girl and a fine horse that understand each other."

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Self-command is the main elegance. "Keep cool and you can command everybody," said St. Just.

EMERSON.

2. Trust in that good Father in heaven, whose love sent you into the world, and gave you the priceless blessing of life; whose love sent his Son to show you the pattern of life, and to redeem you freely from all your sins; whose love sends his Spirit to give you the power of leading the everlasting life, and will raise you up again to that same everlasting life after death. Trust him, for he is your Father. Whatever else he is, he is that. He has bid you call him that, and he will hear you. If you forget that he is your Father, you forget him, and worship a false God of your own invention.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

3. Since rooms can be made cosey and cheerful with very little money, I think it is right to say that it is every woman's duty to make her rooms cosey and cheerful. There is not one of my readers, I am sure, who does not have, in the course of the year, pocket-money enough to do a great deal toward making her room beautiful. . . . How much better to have a fine plaster cast of Apollo or Clytie than a gilt locket, for instance! How much better to have a heliotype picture of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas than seventy-five cents worth of candy! . . . No! it is not a question of money; it is a question of taste; it is a question of choosing between good and beautiful things, and bad and ugly things.

HELEN HUNT.

4. If you are studying the natural sciences, so follow them that you may see more clearly the rocks, the sea, the sky, the verdure of the earth, the mountains, and the valleys, the rivers and the lakes,—all the creations upon the earth, as far as you have studied them,—so that a new heaven and a new earth shall be spread before you, and you shall learn to appreciate more fully the beneficence of God.

Are mathematics your choice? Then learn from them the value of stability, fixedness; the worth of accuracy in all studies and in all callings; the power of durability, especially as it refers to the durableness of right against wrong; the perfections of forms and symbols; the truths of reasoning; the necessity of discipline. A. H. R.

Stay at home in your mind,

Don't recite other peoples' opinions. EMERSON.

5. I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller betwixt life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.
 A perfect woman, nobly planned
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

6. And to get peace, if you do want it, make for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. Those are nests on the sea, indeed, but safe beyond all others. Do you know what fairy palaces you may build of beautiful thought proof against all adversity? Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us ; houses built without hands for our souls to live in.

RUSKIN.

7. As a girl is bound to do what she honestly feels she can do best, she should never question how her work may seem to another, provided it does not absolutely injure another. In many cases, much more good might be done by girls and women, if, instead of talking so much about the privileges they lack, they should confidently take the places they ought to fill.

I should not ask is this man's work or woman's work : but, rather, is it my work ? But, in whatever I attempted I should repeatedly say to myself, Am I keeping my womanhood strong and real, as God intended it ? am I working womanly ? Sister Dora never questioned whether she ought to bind up the wounds of her crushed workmen : she laid them on the beds of her hospital, and calmly healed them. Caroline Herschel did not stop to ask whether her telescope were privileged to find new stars, but swept it across the heavens, and was the first discoverer of at least five comets.

A. H. R.

8. The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and every pursuit is the quality of attention. My own invention, or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention.

DICKENS.

To have one favorite study and live in it with happy familiarity, and cultivate every portion of it diligently and lovingly, as a small yeoman proprietor cultivates his own land, this, as to study at least, is the most enviable intellectual life.

HAMERTON.

9. Have we not sometimes seen persons on whom this ineffable Dove of Peace seemed always to brood,—some persons whom nothing could disturb, no accident, no disappointment, no disaster ; who never seemed vexed, never discomposed, never sore, never out of temper ; who were impregnable to all assaults of evil ; who were like the rock in the sea, over which the great billows break and roar, but which stands unmoved, and emerges at last calm and firm as ever ?

What produces the divine serenity, subject to no moods, clouded by no depression, this perpetual Sunday of the heart ? It was not merely good nature, not the accident of a happy organization. It was deeper than that. It was the perfect poise resulting from a Christian experience. It was the habit of looking to God in love and to man in love.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

10. The first essential for a cheerful room is—Sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room cannot be cheerful ; and it is unwholesome as it is gloomy. Flowers will not blossom in it ; neither will people.

“Glorify the room ! Glorify the room !” Sidney Smith used to say of a morning, when he ordered every blind thrown open, every shade drawn up to the top of the window. Whoever is fortunate enough to have a southeast or southwest corner room, may, if she chooses, live in such floods of sunny light that sickness will have hard work to get hold of her ; and as for the blues, they will not dare to so much as knock at her door.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

11. Money is a needful and precious thing, and when well used a noble thing ; but I never want you to think it is the first or only prize to strive for.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Mr. Micawber says, and he is right, that if one's income is a shilling and his expenditure twelve pence half-penny, the result is misery ; that if with the same income, one's expenditure is eleven pence half-penny, the result is absolute happiness.

This is quite true, and because it is true, faithful and intelligent people determine on the regulation of their expenses, under a very distinct and reliable system, among the first foundations which they lay for successful life.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

12. If old tales were true, and the gift-conferring fairies really come to stand around a baby's bed, each with a present in her hand, I think out of all that they could bestow I should choose for any child in whom I was interested, these two things, — a quick sense of humor and a love for books. There is nothing so lasting or so satisfying. Riches may take wings, beauty fade, grace vanish into fat, a sweet voice become harsh, rheumatism may cripple the fingers which played or painted so deftly, — with each and all of these delightful things time may play sad tricks ; but to life's end the power to see the droll side of events is an unfailing cheer, and so long as eyes and ears last, books furnish a world of interest and escape, whose doors stand always open.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I believe that more young women sink into invalidism, or die prematurely, from the want of adequate thorough mental training than from any one other physical or mental cause.

EDNA D. CHENEY.

13. Its leaves have been asking it from time to time, in a whisper, "When shall we redden?" And now in this month of October this month of travelling, when men are hastening to the sea-side, or the mountains, or the lakes, this modest Maple, still without budging an inch, travels in its reputation, — runs up its scarlet flag on that hillside, which shows that it has finished its summer's work before all other trees, and withdraws from the contest. . . . How beautiful when a whole tree is like one great scarlet fruit full of ripe juices, every leaf, from lowest limb to topmost spire, all aglow, especially if you look toward the sun! What more remarkable object can there be in the landscape? . . . If such a phenomenon occurred but once, it would be handed down to posterity, and get into mythology at last. THOREAU.

14. You cannot think that the buckling on the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth — that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it: and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of womanhood fails.

RUSKIN.

Ah, wasteful woman! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay —
How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for naught her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!

COVENTRY PATMORE.

15. But I am to give you reasons why you are to cultivate your speciality. And I claim, first, that you should do this because you have a speciality to cultivate. The second reason, is, because you will then work more easily and naturally, with the least friction, with the greatest pleasure to yourself and the most advantage to those around you. "Paddle your own canoe," but paddle it right out into the swift, sure current of your strongest, noblest inclination. Thirdly, by this means you will get into your cranium, in place of aimless reverie, a resolute aim.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

16. "Not as I will:" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat,
"Not as I will:" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfil,
"Not as we will."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Whatever church helps you or me best to worship Our Father in spirit and truth, that is the best church for us or for anyone. It makes no difference to God by what name or with what form we seek Him if only the heart truly seeks. Sometimes we may draw nearer Him through exquisite music, and sometimes through the fervent, spoken prayer, perhaps sometimes through the silence, as in the Friends' Meeting.

CHRISTINA GOODWIN.

17. Second on my list of essentials for a cheerful room, I put Color.

Don't be afraid of red. It is the most kindling and inspiring of colors. No room can be perfect without a good deal of it. In an autumn leaf, in a curtain, in a chair-cover, in a pin-cushion, in a vase, in the binding of a book, everywhere you put it, it makes a brilliant point and gives pleasure. The blind say that they always think red must be like the sound of a trumpet; and I think there is a deep truth in their instinct. It is the gladdest and most triumphant color everywhere. Next to red comes yellow; this must be used very sparingly. No bouquet of flowers is complete without a little touch of yellow; and no room is as gay without it. . . . A bouquet or a room which has one grain too much of yellow in it is hopelessly ruined.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

18. The young people of our time are said to be wanting in reverence. They are often generous and sympathetic; they are true and honorable. This class of virtues they believe in. But they do not believe in those born of reverence.

"I was born in an unlucky time," said a lady. "When I was young, I was obliged to respect and obey my parents, and now I am obliged to respect and obey my children." An irreverent age is wanting in the highest sentiment of man. To "look up" is the noblest of all powers. The small egotism which loves to look down on others wilts the soul.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

CARLYLE.

19. We may be so situated that we cannot do any great work in the world. By temperament, by education, or by reason of ill-health we may be restricted from carrying out our ambitious schemes, but there are none so weak, so ignorant, or so poor that they cannot do some good in the world. The ladder that reaches to heaven is not composed of wooden rungs, or of cold, senseless materials, but God has made every human being so dependent on his fellow creatures that each one is lifted up by some one above him, some busy heart that feels another's need and reaches out; and where there is no looking up nor reaching out there is no growth nor spiritual attainment.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

20. Have you ever rightly considered what the mere ability to read means? That it is the key that admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination, to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and the wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moments? That it enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time? More than that, it annihilates time and space for us; it revives for us without a miracle the Age of Wonder, endowing us with the shoes of swiftness and the cap of darkness, so that we walk invisible like fern seed, and witness unharmed the plague at Athens or Florence or London, accompanying Cæsar on his marches, or look in on Cataline in council with his fellow-conspirators, or Guy Fawkes in the cellar of St. Stephen's.

LOWELL.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

BURKE.

21. To-day, October 21, I found the air in the bushy fields and lanes under the woods loaded with the perfume of the witch-hazel — a sweetish, sickening odor. With the blooming of this bush, Nature says, “positively the last.” All trees and shrubs, form their flowerbuds in the fall, and keep the secret till spring. How comes the witch-hazel to be the one exception and to celebrate its floral nuptials on the funeral day of its foliage? No doubt it will be found that the spirit of some love-lorn squaw has passed into this bush, and that this is why it blooms in the Indian summer rather than in the white man’s spring.

But it makes the floral series of the woods complete. Between it and the shad-blow of earliest spring lies the mountain of bloom; the latter at the base on one side, this at the base on the other, with the chestnut blossoms at the top in mid-summer.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

22. The other thing that represses the utterances of love is the characteristic shyness of the Anglo-Saxon blood. . . . There is a powerlessness of utterance in our blood that we should fight against, and struggle outward towards expression. We can educate ourselves to it, if we know and feel the necessity; we can make it a Christian duty, not only to love, but to be loving, — not only to be true friends, but to show ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble back on our lips, — do the gentle and helpful deeds which we long to do and shrink back from; and, little by little, it will grow easier, — the love spoken will bring the answer of love, — the kind deed will bring back a kind deed in return.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

23. We are ever looking to something better than we have or are, and whether we attain it or lose it, there is no rest for our feet.

He who finds life and self sufficient is either a monster or a caricature. Do you not see that I do not argue with your tears?

Sorrow is the handmaid of God, not of Satan. She would lead us, as she did the Psalmist to say, "Who will show us any good?" that, after having said this, we may also say with him, "Lord lift thou the light of *thy* countenance upon us!"

"Honestly," said he, lifting his hands as if he appealed to his own conscience, "priest of God though I am, in understanding I am as a child. I cannot explain,—I testify. I witness to you this mystery, that out of the very hurt which brings me low, the spiritual life is developed.

A. S. HARDY.

24. The best and safest color for walls is a delicate cream color. When I say best and safest, I mean the best background for bright colors and poor pictures, and the color which is least in danger of disagreeing with anything you may want to put upon it. So also with floors; the safest and best tint is a neutral gray. If you cannot have a bare wooden floor, either of black walnut, or stained to imitate it, then have a plain gray felt carpet. Above all things, avoid bright colors in a carpet. In rugs, to lay down on a plain gray, or a dark-brown floor, the brighter the colors the better. The rugs are only so many distinct pictures thrown up into relief here and there by the under-tint of gray or brown.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

25. Make up your minds, girls, early in life that your lot will probably be like that of the average girl, — that trouble must come, and even a skeleton must hang and gibber behind your door ; but that, be the skeleton what it may, you will nail the door back on the unsightly thing, clothe it in some decent garments, and make it as respectable as possible in its niche, since it must stay with you. Events, decrees, circumstances, will not change for just you and me ; but we can change ourselves, and so defeat them. Do not heed untoward circumstances. "Seize hold of God's hand, and look full in the face of His creation, and there is nothing He will not enable you to achieve."

A. H. R.

26. Let nothing disturb thee,
 Nothing affright thee ;
 All things are passing ;
 God never changeth ;
 Patient endurance
 Attainteth to all things ;
 Who God possesseth
 In nothing is wanting ;
 Alone God sufficeth.

LONGFELLOW.

Art tired ?

There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned
There is a sacrifice. Lift up thy head.
The lovely world, and the over-world alike,
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,
"Thy Father loves thee."

JEAN INGELow.

27. There are few objects in this world more repulsive to me than a selfish woman — a woman who selfishly consults her own enjoyments, her own ease, her own pleasure. If you have the slightest desire to be loved ; if you would have your presence a welcome one in palace and cottage alike ; if you would be admired, respected, revered ; if you would have all sweet human sympathies clustering around you while you live, you must be a working woman — living and working for others, denying yourself for others, and building up for yourself a character, strong, symmetrical, beautiful. TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

28. Nothing could be lovelier than the last rose-buds, or than the delicate edges of the strawberry leaves embroidered with hoar-frosts, while above them Arachne's delicate webs hung swaying in the green branches of the pines, — little ball-rooms for the fairies, carpeted with powdered pearls, and kept in place by a thousand dewy strands, hanging from above like the chains of a lamp, and supporting them from below like the anchors of a vessel. These little airy edifices had all the fantastic lightness of the elf-world, and all the vaporous freshness of the dawn. FROM THE JOURNAL OF AMIEL.

In this art of conversation, woman, if not the queen and victor, is the lawgiver. . . . Madame de Tessé said, "If I were Queen, I should command Madame de Staël to talk to me every day." Conversation fills all gaps, supplies all deficiencies. What a good trait is that recorded of Madame de Maintenon, that, during dinner, the servant slipped to her side, "Please, Madame, one anecdote more, for there is no roast to-day !" EMERSON.

29. How much we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are not now speaking merely of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words and looks and little observances, thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarce a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

30. Believe me, your Christianity must be everywhere or nowhere, in everything or in nothing. You can keep it beside you when you sit at work, or when you put down your work to read the last entertaining book, or carry it abroad with you when you walk, or ride, or drive. You ought to be able to take it with you to your gayest party, and not leave it behind you when you dance and think "nae ill." It may ring in your merriest laugh, as well as wail in your bitterest weeping. . . . I tell you once more, there is Christianity in threading your mother's needle, or pulling off your little sister's boot, as well as in taking notes of sermons and distributing tracts, and there is more security of the genuineness of the Christianity in the first instances, than in the last. SARAH TYTLER.

Not what you say, or wish, or hope,
While through the darkness here you grope;
But what you do and what you are
In heart, and thought, and character.

JAMES H. HOADLEY.

31. Third on my list of essentials for making rooms cosy, cheerful, and beautiful, come Books and Pictures. "But books and pictures cost a great deal of money." Yes, books and pictures do cost money, but books accumulate rapidly in most houses where books are read at all; and if people really want books, it is astonishing how many they contrive to get together in a few years. As for pictures, how much or how little they cost depends on what sort of pictures you buy. For a few shillings you can buy a good heliotype of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas, as I have said before. But you can purchase pictures much cheaper than that. A Japanese fan is a picture; some of them are exquisite pictures, and blazing with color too.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

NOVEMBER.

1. These rocks were never so red and black and soft gray before; the sea besieges us with intensest blue; and the atmosphere is all pure gold. There is a bloom spread over the horizon which summer does not give, that seems like the meeting of the sunrise and the glow of the early twilight; it lies like a benediction over sea and land. The sea sings, and the heavens answer, and other men's thoughts are as nothing.

We all know how the sense of but a short abiding enhances the joy of these last days; how we hold the hours with a miser's grasp, and how they slip, swift and golden, from our unwilling fingers. I think we can speak our best thoughts out under that broad and quiet sky, and the answering note of sympathy is never so surely struck as then.

ALICE G. HOWE.

2. Do not begin by suffering or welcoming a willing horse or a scapegoat among you, girls. Do not allow the generosity, sweet temper, or simplicity of one of you to take upon her the burdens of all the rest, so that when a stranger asks who gets up in the morning and gives out the tea and the coffee for breakfast, who stays at home from the afternoon excursion and writes dutiful letters, who invariably initiates the new servants in their duties, and prepares the children's lessons, bears all the responsibility, and incurs all the scolding — the answer is, without fail, Margaret, or Mary, or Lily as it may be.

SARAH TYTLER.

3. Earth's crammed with heaven,
 And every common bush afire with God;
 But only he who sees, takes off his shoes.

MRS. BROWNING.

There has probably lived within the past century, no woman whose genius, character, and position are more full of interest than Mrs. Browning's. She was not only far above all the female poets of her age, but ranked with the first poets. She was not only a great poet but a great woman. She loved and revered art, but she loved and revered humanity more. Born and reared in England, her best affections were given to Italy, and her warmest friends and most enthusiastic admirers are found in America.

EDWARD Y. HINCKS.

Why is the memory of Mrs. Browning loved beyond that of almost any poet who has sung? Because "the cry of the human" is so strong in that wondrous voice of hers.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

4. I had once the honor to address the girls of the 12th Street School in New York. "Shall I call you 'girls,' or 'young ladies'?" said I. "Call us girls," was the unanimous answer. I heard it with great pleasure; for I took it as a nearly certain sign that these three hundred young people were growing up to be true women, — which is to say, ladies of the very highest tone.

"Why did I think so?" Because at the age of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen they took pleasure in calling things by their right names.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

5. See what wily creatures these *blues* are!—full of conceit! They grow powerful while looking at us. They are like those little wood creatures which can take the hue of the tree on which they rest, so that for a long time we do not perceive them. They sit beside us by hundreds when we fancy we are alone; and change their colors and their wheedling tones to suit our inclinations, while they pour into our ears deceitful whisperings that the world is all wrong, and we are all right,—the vile flatterers! They paint all our surroundings with dark colors, make all our pictures *Mater Dolorosas* or *St. Sebastians*, turn all our music into requiems, and all our books into Stygian epics.

A. H. R.

6. I have never known any other woman so systematically and persistently industrious as Alice Cary. Hers was truly the genius of patience. No obstacle ever daunted it, no pain ever stilled it, no weariness ever overcame it, till the last weariness of death. I doubt if she ever kept a diary, or wrote down a rule for her life. She did not need to do so; her life itself was the rule. There was a beautiful, yet touching uniformity in her days. Her pleasure was her labor. Of rest, recreation, amusement, as other women sought these, she knew almost nothing. Her rest and recreation were the intervals from pain, in which she could labor. It was not always the labor of writing. No, sometimes it was making a cap, or trimming a bonnet yet it was work of some sort, never play.

MARY CLEMMER.

The world belongs to the energetic man.

EMERSON.

7. With a very earnest prayer, Polly asked for the strength of an upright soul, the beauty of a tender heart, the power to make her life a sweet and stirring song, helpful while it lasted, remembered when it died.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

When Harriet Beecher was the leading spirit in a girl's society for mental improvement, she did not know that the intellectual gifts there developed would enable her to strike the keenest blow that slavery ever received in this country. Keep the sword bright, keen, and well tempered, and opportunity will come to use it in defense of truth and right.

EDNA D. CHENEY.

"I've got no rich friends to help me up, but, sooner or later, I mean to find a place among cultivated people; and while I am waiting and working I can be fitting myself to fill that place like a gentlewoman as I am."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

8. Fourth on my list of essentials for a cosey, cheerful room, I put — Order. I think almost as many rooms are spoiled by being kept in too exact order, as by being too disorderly. There is an apparent disorder which is not disorderly; and there is an apparent order, which is only a witness to the fact that things are never used. I do not know how better to state the golden mean on this point than to tell the story of an old temple which was once discovered, bearing on three of its sides this inscription, "Be bold." On the fourth side, the inscription, "Be not too bold." I think it would be well written on the three sides of a room, "Be orderly;" on the fourth side, "But don't be too orderly."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

9. All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part,
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

LONGFELLOW.

10. Shall we not find that all parts of our lives will prove to have been training for whatever is our truest work even on earth, and also for the heavenly service to which one, more and more, looks forward? But the bits of wayside work are very sweet. Perhaps the *odd* bits, when all is done, will really come to more than the seemingly greater pieces! The chance conversations with rich or poor, the seed sown in odd five minutes, even the table-d'hôte for me, and the rides and friends' tables for you. It is nice to know that the King's servants are always really on duty, even while some can only stand and wait.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

11. What makes us blame the weather so much for our moods, girls? The day is gray everywhere,—in the skies, on the trees, on the ground,—and gray in us therefore. Ah! but these colors are beautiful, even in November and December. In their variety, they are soft and shimmering on the tree branches, a slightly ruddy gray on the branchlets, and a serener gray on the tree trunks. Overhead, even when a storm is gathering in the sky, there are the colors of the moonstone tinting into silver, and shading into pearl and blue. On the ground are delicate wood-colors,—umbers, siennas, greens toned down to gray. The atmosphere, from its lack of sunlight, only sets off the more visibly, beautiful forms of trees and branches. No, the day is not moody: we are. We are not in harmony with her, but have arrayed ourselves against her. A. H. R.

12. Titian and Raphael, and all the great brotherhood of painters, may kneel reverently as priests before Nature's face, and paint pictures at sight of which all men's eyes shall fill with grateful tears; and yet all men shall go away, and find that the green shade of a tree, the light on a young girl's face, the sleep of a child, the flowering of a flower, are to their pictures as living life to beautiful death.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward, and the hand may be a little child's. GEORGE ELIOT.

13. Many a young girl who is suddenly thrown upon her own resources fails to do what she can, merely because she has not the tact to do the first thing that offers that is reputable. She cannot teach, perhaps, nor write for the press, nor paint, nor read proof, but she ought to know how to keep house, and, if she knows that she has one opening. There are schools that need matrons and stewards, and there are many households in which the mistress wishes relief from the care of providing and managing servants. Many a woman might do far worse than accept a position of that sort. Are there not many, too, who have had enough experience in watching dressmakers and milliners to learn to do their work without much loss of time?

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

14. The chief duty of a nurse is simply to keep the air which the patient breathes as pure as the external air, but without chilling him. . . . An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul night air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice! An open window, most nights in the year, can hurt no one. Better shut the windows all day than all night. One reason why people, especially women, are less robust than formerly is because they spend the greater part of their lives breathing poison.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

If our girls are to walk the same streets with their brothers, is there any reason why the soles of their shoes should not be of equal thickness? And yet no man would think of wearing soles as thin as those which many of our girls habitually wear.

ANNA C. BRACKETT.

15. Obedience to the behests of duty gives peace, even when love is lacking; and peace is a diviner thing than happiness.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

If you have a piano, one note of which in the treble is mute, not one tune can be played on it,—no music worth having can be drawn from it, without making the defect manifest; and yet the note is not actively offensive, it merely does not sound.

Now, call the piano a family, and call the Cumberer a faulty note, and you at once see the harm she does; she makes the tune imperfect when it does not sound, and when it does sound, jars.

JEAN INGELow.—*The Cumberers.*

The habit of treating one another without the little forms in use among other friends, and the horrid trick of speaking rudely of each other's defects or mishaps, is the underlying source of half the alienations of relatives. If we are bound to show special benevolence to those nearest to us, why do we give them pain at every turn, rub them the wrong way, and *froisser* their natural *amour propre* by unflattering remarks or unkind references?

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

16. The only thing wiser than dreaming is doing,—working in such a way as to bring the distant near, and getting out of the veriest commonplace the joy we fancied lay only in the future, in other lands, or only in dreams. Build castles and dwellings out of the commonplace, and you shall see them shine with splendor, and glow with beauties which can never be exhausted. She alone is rich who has estates in her soul.

A. H. R.

17. Mary Ashburton was in her twentieth summer. Like the fair maiden Amoret, who was sitting in the lap of womanhood. They did her wrong who said she was not beautiful : and yet

“ She was not fair,
Nor beautiful ; those words express her not.
But, O, her looks had something excellent,
That wants a name.”

Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it. At times it wore an expression of seriousness,—of sorrow even; and then seemed to make the very air bright with what the Italian poets call the lightning of the angelic smile.

LONGFELLOW.

18. As our girls come into womanhood we wish them to take right views of life; and, while we desire that they shall enjoy themselves as only young girls can, we certainly would not have them look for nothing beyond the enjoyment of the moment. “ Having a thoroughly good time ” must not be their first and only idea. They have claims upon their time and affection from the family at home; their feelings are easily moved, and should be directed to sympathy in the real troubles and sorrows that they see, or they should be taught to look for them among those whose lot is less happy than their own, rather than allowed to waste themselves in sentimental sorrows over modern novels and the distresses of the imaginary heroines whom we hear so much about.

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

19. We shall see, first, that the cheery person never minds small worries, vexations, perplexities. Second, that he is brimful of sympathy in other people's gladness; he is heartily, genuinely glad of every bit of good luck or joy which comes to other people. Thirdly, he has a keen sense of humor, and never lets any droll thing escape him; he thinks it worth while to laugh, and to make everybody about him laugh, at every amusing thing. Patience, sympathy, and humor, these are the three most manifest traits in the cheery person. But there is something else, . . . this is lovingness. This is the real point of difference between the mirth of the witty and sarcastic person, which does us no good, and the mirth of the cheery person which "doeth good like a medicine."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

20.

Consider it

(This outer world we tread on) as a harp,—
 A gracious instrument on whose fair strings
 We learn those airs we shall be set to play
 When mortal hours are ended. Let the wings,
 Man, of thy spirit move on it as wind,
 And draw forth melody. Why should'st thou yet
 Lie grovelling? More is won than e'er was lost:
 Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night
 A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
 Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,
 Shake off the dew and soar.

JEAN INGELow.

Hope never hurt anyone — never yet interfered with duty; nay, it always strengthens to the performance of duty, gives courage and clears the judgment.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

21. Marguerite de Valois wrote, "Gentleness, cheerfulness, and urbanity are the Three Graces of manners." Valuing all that constitutes a lady, knowing that these graces are necessary to every girl, I believe the ladylike is but a part of true womanliness,—that infinitely precious, indescribable something in woman that makes her royal by birth, queen of herself, and fit to occupy the throne that is placed beside the king's throne,—not higher, not lower, but beside it; not his, but like his; her own, from which, with equal though with differing eye, she looks in blessing on the world.

A. H. R.

22. She had the essential attributes of a lady,—high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The "Earth waits for her queen," was Margaret Fuller's favorite motto.

A. H. R.

"And whether consciously or not, you must be, in many a heart, enthroned: there is no putting by that crown; queens you must always be; queens to your lovers; queens to your husbands and your sons; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown, and the stainless sceptre, of womanhood.

RUSKIN.

For one, I can truly say, with charming Mrs. Trench in her letters written in 1816, "I do believe the girls of the present day have *not* lost the power of blushing; and though I have no grown-up daughters, I enjoy the friendship of some who might be my daughters, in whom the greatest delicacy and modesty are united with perfect ease of manner, and habitual intercourse with the world."

T. W. HIGGINSON.

23. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

EMERSON.

The only use of time is in bringing the heart into partnership with high principles, and thus rising into fellowship with God. As the Emperor Titus said, "I have lost a day," when he could think of no good action he had done during the sun's circuit, we must judge ourselves in the blaze of the fact that every day is lost, according to the heavenly notation, that has not been ennobled and spiritualized by the action of some moral and celestial quality, either in restraining passion, or doing something, or giving something, or cherishing some devout sentiment,—so that a truth, a principle, has become a more ready guest, through us, in this world of conflict and sin.

T. STARR KING.

24. If I were to choose among all gifts and qualities that which, on the whole, makes life pleasantest, I should select the love of children. No circumstance can render this world wholly a solitude to one who has that possession. It is a freemasonry. Wherever one goes, there are the little brethren and sisters of the mystic tie. No diversity of race or tongue makes much difference. A smile speaks the universal language. "If I value myself on anything," said the lovely Hawthorne, "it is on having a smile that children love." . . . The dearest saint in my calendar never entered a railway car that she did not look round for a baby, which, when discovered, must always be won at once into her arms.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

25. Look up at the miracle of the falling snow,—the air a dizzy maze of whirling, eddying flakes, noiselessly transforming the world, the exquisite crystals dropping in ditch and gutter, and disguising in the same suit of spotless livery all objects upon which they fall. How novel and fine the first drifts! The old, dilapidated fence is suddenly set off with the most fantastic ruffles, scalloped and fluted after an unheard-of fashion!

The world lies about me in a “trance of snow.” The clouds are pearly and iridescent—the ghosts of clouds. . . . I see the hills, bulging with great drifts, lift themselves up cold and white against the sky. . . .

Looking down a long line of decrepit stone-wall, in the trimming of which the wind had run riot, I saw, as for the first time, what a severe yet master artist old Winter is. Ah, a severe artist!

JOHN BURROUGHS.

26. It is not for you, nor for me, to slight, to scorn, to condemn the fallen. Of this we are sure,—that no beauty, no intelligence, can compare with womanliness; and that no girl, weak and wicked as she may be, is utterly lost to womanliness. May I here appeal to you, dear girls, to hasten the return of a woman to her best self? May I urge you not to slight even the sinful? As you are girls with most precious endowments, remember to encourage the growth of these gifts in other girls. Then will womanhood seem even more blessed than now,—when girls defend it and purify it. Perhaps one of the hardest things in this world to realize is the fact that we are all, not only children of one Father, but that, we are brothers and sisters, as well.

A. H. R.

27. If I were able, I would change the public sentiment so radically, that no girl should be considered well educated, no matter what her accomplishments, until she had learned a trade, a business, a vocation, or a profession. Self-support would then be possible to her, and she would not float on the current of life, a part of its useless driftwood.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

"Thee is restless," said Rachel Froke. "And to make us so is oftentimes the first thing the Lord does for us. It was the first thing He did for the world. Then He said, 'Let there be light!' In the meantime, thee is right; just darn thy stockings."

Doing any one thing well — even setting stitches and plaiting frills — puts a key into one's hand to the opening of some other quite different secret; and we can never know what may be to come out of the meanest drudgery.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

28. A library of novels is like a gallery of pictures. One man saunters through the library and sees what the pictures are about; — another man goes through the gallery and sees what the artists were about, — what is the range of the powers of each, the degrees of their technical skill, and the directions in which they lie open to the Infinite. The first man sees the paint, all of it; the second man sees the paintings. . . . If all novel readers were compelled, when they close a book to write out the main doctrine or proposition which is the axis of the incidents and plot, it would be better for their moral education than if they could listen once a week to the best lecture on ethics that is delivered by the foremost professor in civilization.

T. STARR KING.

29. Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

O, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

30. If I were a boy again [it applies to girls as well], I would look on the *cheerful* side of everything, for everything, almost, has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you; but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person, "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if he had happened to be born in that station of life!" Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts love out, in turn shall be shut out from love."

JAMES T. FIELDS.

DECEMBER.

1. I see no objection, however, to light reading, desultory reading, the reading of newspapers, or the reading of fiction, if you take enough ballast with it, so that these light kites, as the sailors call them, may not carry your ship over in some sudden gale. The principle of sound habits of reading, if reduced to a precise rule, comes out thus : That for each hour of light reading, of what we read for amusement, we ought to take another hour of reading for instruction. Nor have I any objection to stating the same rule backward ; for that is a poor rule which will not work both ways. It is, I think, true, that for every hour we give to grave reading, it is well to give a corresponding hour to what is light and amusing.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

2. Perhaps the first element of " Sister Dora's " character which made itself felt was her great hopefulness. This glowed in her, as was said of a great historic character, " like a pillar of fire ; " it did so in the first and darkest hour, and it did so every hour until the end. This light and warmth never paled. It was so healthy, too ; not as of hope against hope, but the hope of a sound, pure nature doing the work of God. . . . Should we be tempted some day to despond of humanity, we will think of her ; should we be shaken some dark hour concerning the possibilities of Christianity, her image will reassure us ; should we be told, amid scenes of perplexity, that " religion is a disease," then we can point to her, as to one who possessed, at all times, a fullness of joyous life beyond all we had ever known.

ANON.

3. With Miss St. John, music was the highest form of human expression, as must often be the case with those whose feeling is much in advance of their thought, and to whom, therefore, what may be called mental sensation is the highest known condition. . . . One who can only play the music of others, however exquisitely, is not a musician, any more than one who can read verse to the satisfaction, or even expound it to the enlightenment of the poet himself, is therefore a poet. When Miss St. John would worship God, it was in music that she found the chariot of fire in which to ascend heavenward.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

4. I look to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again :
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.
- Discouraged in the work of life
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ;—
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.
-
Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand ;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand ;¹
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
And turnest my mourning into praise.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

5. There are so many things a girl can do, even when society claims her, — more than ever, I should say! Make work, if you cannot get it, girls. Encourage poor girls by joining the industrial unions instituted in their behalf. Go into the hospitals, old ladies' homes, charity bureaus, flower missions. Join a Chautauqua club, or one of the societies for the encouragement of studies at home. Attend the numerous lectures, exhibits, etc., which are provided free of expense in all large cities. A. H. R.

6. If the October days were a cordial like the sub-acids of fruit, these are a tonic like the wine of iron. Drink deep or be careful how you taste this December vintage. The first sip may chill, but a full draught warms and invigorates. No loitering by the brooks or in the woods now, but spirited, rugged walking along the public highway. The sunbeams are welcome now. They seem like pure electricity — like friendly and recuperating lightning. Are we led to think electricity abounds only in summer, when we see in the storm-clouds as it were, the veins and ore-beds of it? I imagine it is equally abundant in winter, and more equable and better tempered. Who ever breasted a snow storm without being excited and exhilarated? It is like being pelted with sparks from a battery. Behold the frost-work on the pane — the wild fantastic limnings and etchings, can there be any doubt but this subtle agent has been here? Where is it not? It is the life of the crystal, the architect of the flake, the fire of the frost, the soul of the sunbeam. The crisp winter air is full of it.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

7. . . . As I looked, a film of shade kept appearing and disappearing with rhythmic regularity in a corner of the window, as if some one might be sitting in a low rocking-chair close by. Presently the motion ceased, and suddenly across the curtain came the shadow of a woman. She raised in her arms the shadow of a baby, and kissed it; then both disappeared, and I walked on. . . . The ecstasy of human love passed in brief, intangible panorama before me. It was something seen, yet unseen; airy, yet solid; a type, yet a reality; fugitive, yet destined to last in my memory while I live. . . . Their character, their history, their fate, are all unknown. But these two will always stand for me as disembodied types of humanity, — the Mother and the Child.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

8. The following evening Rosamond heard "Lohengrin" for the first time, and saw the mystic knight of the swan. . . . "Why," thought Aunt Serena, "can we not have the help of beautiful music and the influence of master-minds brought within the reach of moderate means, and at so early an hour that neither the aged and the delicate, nor the very young, need hesitate to enjoy them?" She preferred, indeed, that Rosamond should study life, presented to her gaze in this way, at the sensible hour of seven or even half-past six, than that she should make too many personal investigations and experiments in a crowded ball-room. So the congenial party enjoyed most charming evenings in the pleasant little theatre, where people came early in walking-dress, and went home temperately at half-past nine.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

9. Have, first of all, a home! No matter what your career, let it start from the home and return to the home.

ROSE CLEVELAND.

Womanish and womanly are two quite different things.

GLADSTONE.

I'd rather *be a woman* than *act a queen*.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

With all her human imperfections, the upright nature of the child kept her desires climbing towards the just and pure and true, as flowers struggle to the light; and the woman's soul was budding beautifully under the green leaves behind the little thorns. LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

All women should desire to give each other the example of a sweet, good life, more eloquent and powerful than any words.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

10. I think that you will all agree with me that the one great help of helps is the habit of looking up for strength to One who is mightier than we — who is unmoved among all the changes and upturnings of time, and who has promised to all who feel the need of something firm to set their feet upon, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' If only every day in our often too hurried and worried lives we would take but fifteen minutes for retirement, for quiet self-recollection and prayer, strength and calmness would surely come to us. Things around us would assume their due proportions; the trifles and worries that seem at the moment supreme would grow less important in our eyes, as our life gained in perspective, and we came to see more clearly the outlines of that vast and unknown future which lies yet before each one of us.

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

11. Happiness is not what we are to look for. Our place is to be true to the best we know, to seek that, and do that. . . . Let us do right, and then whether happiness come or unhappiness, it is no very weighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet ; if it do not come, life will be bitter not sweet, and yet to be borne. . . . The well-being of our souls depends only on what we are ; and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good, and steady scorn of evil. Only to those who have the heart to say " We can do without selfish enjoyment ; it is not what we ask or desire," it is no secret. . . . Happiness may fly away, pleasures pall or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail or prove unkind ; but the power to serve God never fails, and the love of Him is never rejected.

FROUDE.

12. Though winter is represented in the almanac as an old man, facing the wind and sleet, and drawing his cloak about him, we rather think of him as a merry wood-chopper, and warm-blooded youth, as blithe as summer. The unexplored grandeur of the storm keeps up the spirits of the traveller. It does not trifle with us, but has a sweet earnestness. In winter we lead a more inward life. Our hearts are warm and cheery, like cottages under drifts, whose windows and doors are half concealed, but from whose chimneys the smoke cheerfully ascends. The imprisoning drifts increase the sense of comfort which the house affords, and in the coldest days we are content to sit over the hearth, . . . enjoying the quiet and serene life that may be had in a warm corner by the chimney side.

THOREAU.

13. There always comes some smooth running to every skein before all is done. You mustn't try to see through the whole skein or to straighten it all out into a single thread before you begin to wind; that always makes a snarl. There is always an end, and it is what you have got to take hold of. MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

HOLMES.

14. We need society, and we need solitude also, as we need summer and winter, day and night, exercise and rest. I thank heaven for a thousand pleasant and profitable conversations with acquaintances and friends; I thank heaven also, and not less gratefully for thousands of sweet hours that have passed in solitary thought or labor, under the silent stars. I value society for the abundance of ideas that it brings before us, like carriages in a frequented street; but I value solitude for sincerity and peace, and for the better understanding of the thoughts that are truly ours. Only in solitude do we learn our inmost nature and its needs. PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

Beside the real life expands the ideal life to those that seek it. Droop not, seek it; the ideal life has its sorrows, but it never admits despair. BULWER.

Blessed are the missionaries of cheerfulness.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

15. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers ; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. " Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy." It is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive ; the harebells should bloom, not stoop, as she passes.

Far among the woodlands and the rocks, — far in the darkness of the terrible streets, — feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken — will you never go down to them, nor set them in order, nor fence them in their shuddering from the fierce wind ?

RUSKIN.

16. I did but dream. I never knew
 What charms our sternest season wore.
 Was never yet the sky so blue,
 Was never earth so white before.
 Till now I never saw the glow
 Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
 And never learned the bough's designs
 Of beauty in its leafless lines.

.

As thou hast made thy world without,
 Make thou more fair my world within ;
 Shine through its lingering clouds of doubts ;
 Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin ;
 Fill, brief or long, my granted span
 Of life with love to thee and man ;
 Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
 But let my last days be my best !

WHITTIER.

17. Never attempt to enjoy every picture in a great collection, unless you have a year to bestow upon it. You may as well attempt to enjoy every dish in a lord mayor's feast. Both mind and palate get confounded by a great variety and rapid succession, even of delicacies. The mind can take in only a certain number of images and impressions distinctly: by multiplying the number you render the whole confused and vague. Study the choice pieces, look upon none else, and you will afterwards find them hanging up in your memory.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

18. She would have given neither of the men another thought, but that there was no one else with whom to do any of that huckster business called flirting which to her had just harm enough in it to make it interesting. . . . I tread on delicate ground—ground which alas! many girls tread boldly, scattering much feather-bloom from the wings of poor *Physche*, gathering for her hoards of unlovely memories, and sowing the seed of many a wish that she had done differently. They cannot pass over such ground and escape having their nature more or less vulgarized. I do not speak of anything counted wicked, but of gambling with the precious and lovely things of the deepest human relation. If a girl with such an experience, marry a man she loves, will she not now and then remember something it would be joy to discover she had but dreamed? Honesty and truth, God's essentials, are perhaps more lacking in ordinary intercourse between young men and women than anywhere else.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

19. You can do *all*. Now make the earth renew its vigor; now make health and courage come again into the world; now restore the reign of cheer; now break the bonds of vice; now bring back an earthly Paradise! With your strong bodies, your glad hearts, your vigorous minds, your imperial sway over the hearts of one another, your persuasive control of your elders, it is for you to make the future what you will. Oh, make it the dawn of that civilization, of that Christianity, when again "the morning stars shall sing together."

A. H. R.

20. So Guenn had had no need of finery. Now she began to thirst after it. Monsieur was always talking of color. Monsieur was always talking of form. It seemed to her evident that she could more worthily help along the great work, if she had a new gown with some color and some form, and some bright ribbons beside. One day Hamor found her earnestly scrutinizing herself in a small mirror which hung in the corner of the atelier. He smiled and thought, "All women are alike,"—a favorite conclusion of youngish men who pride themselves upon their knowledge of human nature; but his theories were put to rout and confusion when she unabashed smiled sweetly at him, and, continuing her investigations, remarked: "I am trying to find out what pleases you in my face, monsieur, I wish I knew. You see—" with her merriest laugh—"to me it looks so very much like Guenn Rodellec!" staring solemnly into her own great blue eyes, and adjusting her coiffe without a sign of coquetry or embarrassment.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

21. Whatever path a young man (or woman) chooses in the intellectual world, whatever severity of study he may impose upon himself in the ambition to master it, two volumes must always be pouring their influence into his nature, the New Testament and the volume of records of his native land. Religion and patriotism must stream into every fibre of his brain, into every duct of his blood.

T. STARR KING.

Human happiness hath no perfect security but freedom ; freedom none but virtue ; virtue none but knowledge ; and neither freedom nor virtue nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope except in the principles of the Christian faith, and the sanctions of the Christian religion.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

22. Those visions of old prophecy are working their accomplishment in every home. He who sits upon the white horse goes forth conquering and to conquer. Not in the fashion which John of Patmos thought of, very likely. But in God's fashion, a thousand times more grand, for victories a thousand times more sure. He overthrows death, He conquers ignorance and sin, crime is more hated, truth is more honored. Light overpowers darkness, good conquers evil. And if this is true here, it is only because it is true everywhere. Those Pilgrim Fathers were not little men, nor mean, nor bad. They did the largest thing done in their time, and it showed faith most vividly. But everywhere, as time passes, the eternal law is that the power which works for Righteousness succeeds, — which is to say that God reigns, or that His Kingdom comes.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

23. "I like that word 'kindness,'" said Mrs. Wythe, "for I never hear it without remembering its derivation. To be kind is only another form of being human — being like our kind, or acting as though we ever felt the tie that binds us to our kind. How much of our ill-manners arises from forgetfulness that others are children of the same All Father!

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

Manners may be learned at dancing-schools and in society, but true politeness grows in the home circle only. If missed there, it is seldom found elsewhere.

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

24. Just to let thy Father do what he will;
 Just to know that he is true, and be still;
 Just to follow hour by hour as he leadeth;
 Just to draw the moment's power as it needeth;
 Just to trust him, this is all!
 Then the day will surely be
 Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
 Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to leave in his dear hand *little* things,
 All we cannot understand, all that stings;
 Just to let him take the care sorely pressing,
 Finding all we let him bear changed to blessing,
 This is all! and yet the way
 Marked by Him who loves the best:
 Secret of a happy day,
 Secret of his promised rest.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

25. It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child Himself.

DICKENS.

"Why do they not give such presents every day?" said Clara.

"O child," I said, "it is only for thirty-six hours of the three hundred and sixty-five days, that all people remember that they are all brothers and sisters, and those are the hours that we call, therefore, Christmas Eve and Christmas Day."

"And when they always remember it," said Bertha, "it will be Christmas all the time!"

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

26. We mustn't be in a hurry to fix and choose our own lot; we must wait to be guided. We are led on, like the little children, by a way that we know not. It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing to our own souls; as if we could choose for ourselves where we shall find the fulness of the Divine Presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found, in loving obedience.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The greatest lesson that we have to learn in our mental life, is to value quality of work more and quantity less. Everybody knows how much more exhilaration and less fatigue is experienced from a brisk walk, than from standing listlessly around for double the length of time; and it is just so with mental effort. We want neither feverish, excited, nor lazy work; but earnest, vigorous effort, ceasing when the brain is weary or the object is accomplished.

EDNA D. CHENEY.

27. All persons who have spent any considerable time in the fair city of Berlin, have heard much of Queen Louisa, and those among them who have thought on what they have heard, must have pondered on the causes which have given such enduring power and sweetness to the memory of one so long departed from her home on earth. Why is that name so cherished with a living, animating, energizing love?

I believe that the warm affection which has so long survived its object, is due not so much to the Queen's talents, to her brave spirit and high aspirations, as to the fact, that with these gifts and these exalted aims, she still preserved a tender, sympathizing heart — was the mother of the family, and the mother of the land.

ELIZABETH H. HUDSON.

28. If I had known in the morning
 How wearily all the day
 The words unkind
 Would trouble my mind,
 I said when I went away,
 I had been more careful, darling,
 Nor given you needless pain;
 But we vex "our own"
 With look and tone
 We may never take back again.

AUSTRALIAN STARR.

Brothers are indeed terrible critics of their sisters, and so far, irritating creatures. But otherwise, as we all know, they are the very joy and pride of our lives.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

29. Two things should be included in the education of every girl: she should be taught practically the value and use of money, and she should be trained to do some sort of work by which she can earn a livelihood, if need be. . . . Any girl, with a proper personal pride and individuality will learn to like the independence which a system of allowance gives. To have to ask for every article of dress or luxury is somewhat galling to young people, and when it is in a home where strict economy must be practical, it is sometimes a source of great pain.

A girl should learn some one thing thoroughly, by which she may support herself, if necessary. When a woman knows she is competent to earn a living, it will not hurt her if she does not need to use her ability. If misfortune threatens, the knowledge that she is not helpless saves many an hour of heart-sickening despondency, and, if misfortune does come, she is equipped to meet it.

S. B. H.—*Century*.

30. "Work while you have light," especially while you have the light of morning. The happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days; far from that, the first duty of young people is to be delighted and delightful; but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days. Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature.

RUSKIN.

Health is a means to an end. It is an investment for the future. That end is worthy work and noble living.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

31. My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave with you
For every day.

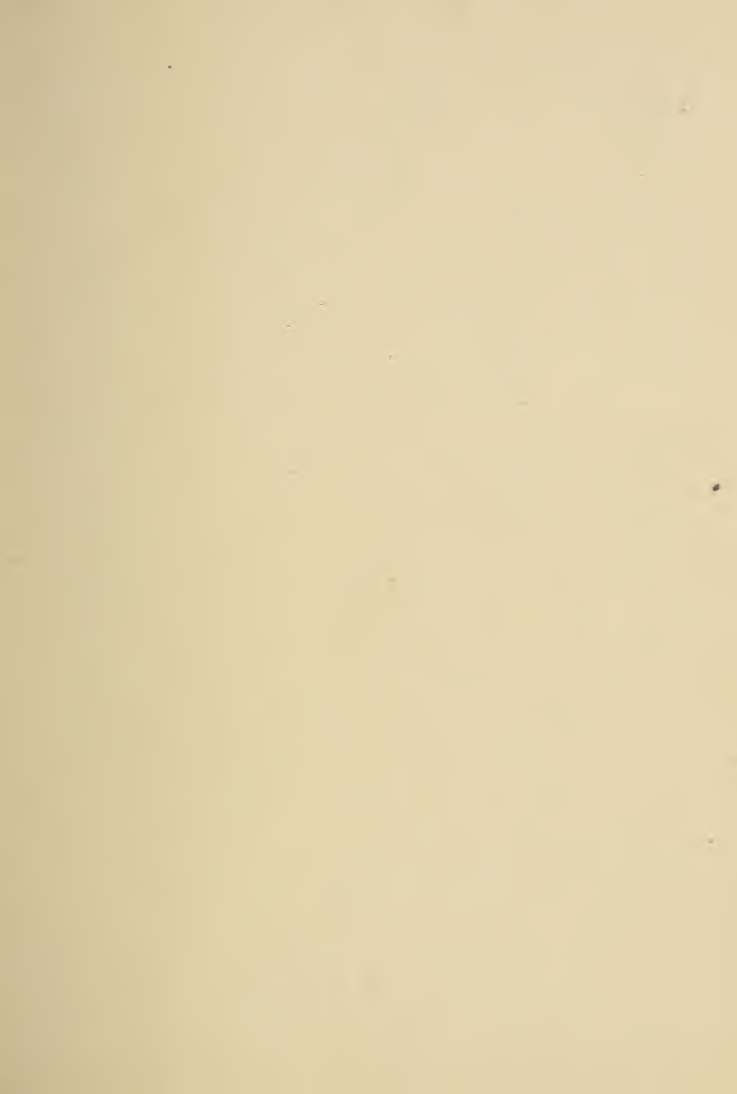
Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I shall always be very glad to be asked on your birthday, and to come if you will let me, and to send my love to you, and to wish that you may live to be very old and very happy, which I do now with all my heart.

DICKENS.

There, — my blessing with you !
And these few precepts in thy memory.
See thou character : — SHAKESPEARE.



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